Jams and Marmalades
GENESEO
JAM KITCHEN
Peach, Pear, Plum, Quince and Blackberry Jams. Orange Marmalade and Grapefruit Marmalade.
In cartons containing ½ dozen 26 oz. enamel lined sanitary tin cans, $2.25 per carton.
These sweets have been much enjoyed by our soldiers in France, and are of the same quality as those we put up in glass.
Write for price list of other specialties to
Miss ELLEN H. NORTH
Geneseo Jam Kitchen, Geneseo, N. Y.

Here's Free Proof That You Can Hear!
The wonderful improved Acousticon has now enabled more than 325,000 deaf people to hear. We are sure it will do the same for you; are so absolutely certain of it that we are eager to send you the
1919 Acousticon DICTOGRAPH PRODUCT
For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL
NO DEPOSIT—NO EXPENSE
There is nothing you will have to do but ask for your free trial. No money to pay, no red tape, no reservation to this offer. Our confidence in the present Acousticon is so complete that we will gladly take all the risk in proving beyond any doubt that
The Joy of Hearing Can Be Yours Again!
The 1919 Acousticon has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have ever tried, just ask for a free trial of the New Acousticon. You'll get it promptly, and if it doesn't make you hear, return it and you will owe us nothing—not one cent.
GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1303 Candler Bldg, New York
Canadian Address: 621 New Birks Building, Montreal

The Outlook

Copyright, 1919, by The Outlook Company

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. 121 February 12, 1919 No. 7

THE OUTLOOK IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. N. T. PULSIFER, VICE-PRESIDENT. FRANK C. HOYT, TREASURER. ERNEST H. ABBOTT, SECRETARY. TRAVERS D. CARMAN, ADVERTISING MANAGER. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, JULY 21, 1893, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

Is America a Melting-Pot? 249
"Keep the Change" 249
Our Merchant Marine 249
The Non-Partisan League 250
"Townleyism" 250
A Russian Revolutionist of the Old Type 250
Letters to the Government 251
Two Signs of Christian Unity 251
Another Proof of Franco-American Friendship 251
The Red Cross Recreational Programme 252
An Educational Extension 252
Cartoons of the Week 253
Colonial Administration 254
Lincoln's Birthday 254
A Farmer Remembers Lincoln (Poem) .. 255
By Witter Bynner
The Eremite Takes a Job 255
Spiritual Power and the Peace Conference 256
"Mandatories:" A Poll of International Opinion on the Disposition of Captured German and Turkish Territory 257
Mr. Mann and the Lusitania Test 259
A Student Peace Conference 260
By F. Lee Benns, A.M.
Poison Gas or a League of Nations? ... 262
By Lucius H. Beers
A Memorial to Dr. Trudeau 264
By Sonia Ureles
A New Moral Force 265
By Ashley Piper
Defending London Against the Hun: An Arnold Adair Story 267
By Laurence La Tourette Driggs
Current Events Illustrated 271
A Man in a Dictionary 275
By Winifred Kirkland
Weekly Outline Study of Current History 276
By J. Madison Gathany, A.M.
The New Books 278
The Selection of a Banker 280
By the Way 282

BY SUBSCRIPTION $4.00 A YEAR. Single copies 10 cents. For foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $5.56.

Address all communications to

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES

The Connecticut Training School of the New Haven Hospital
Founded in 1873
is enabled to meet the necessities of reconstruction in the national nursing program, by the co-operation of the Yale University Medical School, whose teaching field is the New Haven Hospital. It offers an excellent Preliminary Course of 6 months, not only to its own candidates, but to those of other Training Schools, whose requirements are acceptable. Theoretical instruction throughout the Course is given by members of the Yale University Medical School and the Connecticut Training School Faculties. Exceptional opportunities are offered for instruction and training in medical, surgical, contagious, and obstetrical services, including dispensary, social service, and visiting nursing. Requirements for admission, graduation from approved high or private schools. A new class to be admitted March 1st, 1919.
For young women who have had 2 years in college, with satisfactory scientific preparation, a course of training covering less than the full 3 years has been arranged. For further information address,
DIRECTOR, CONNECTICUT TRAINING SCHOOL
New Haven Hospital, New Haven, Connecticut

St. John's Riverside Hospital Training School for Nurses
YONKERS, NEW YORK
Registered in New York State, offers a 3 years' course—a general training to refined, educated women. Requirements one year high school or its equivalent. Apply to the Directress of Nurses, Yonkers, New York.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

ILLINOIS

HOME STUDY
(27th Year)
Business Communication, Forms of Public Address—and more than 400 other Academic and professional courses are offered by correspondence. Address:
The University of Chicago
Division 10, Chicago, Ill.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND
The best system for beginners; a post-graduate course for stenographers. Highest world's records for speed and accuracy and a greater number of court reporters than any other system in the last twelve years. Instruction by mail; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog.
SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
W. L. James, Chief Instructor.
Dept. 332, Garrick Building, Chicago, Illinois

MASSACHUSETTS

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL
23 Highland St., Natick, Mass.
A College Preparatory School for Girls. 17 miles from Boston.
Miss Conant, Miss Bigelow, Principals.

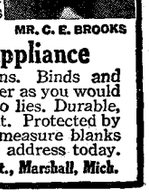
SHORT-STORY WRITING
A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.
150-page catalogue free. Please address
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 68 Springfield, Mass.

OHIO

BE A BANKER
Prepare by mail in spare time for this attractive profession in which there are great opportunities for both men and women. Send at once for free book, "How to Become a Banker," by EDGAR G. ALCORN, President.
American School of Banking, 41 McLene Bldg., Columbus, O.

STANDARD HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS
Our latest and best effort in Church Music
A dignified book of high character for Churches of all denominations
Board 45c. Cloth 60c. Write for examination copy.
The Biglow and Main Co., New York-Chicago

Don't Wear a Truss
Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.



MR. C. E. BROOKS
Brooks' Rupture Appliance
Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
Brooks Appliance Co., 471D State St., Marshall, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

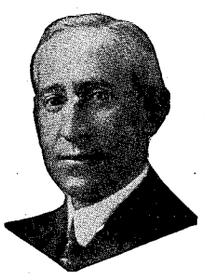
[*Advertisement*]

Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By DAVID M. ROTH

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story. —President Independent Corporation.



DAVID M. ROTH

FIFTY members of the Rotary Club were seated in the banquet hall of the Hotel McAlpin in New York. I was introduced to each member in turn, and each gave me his telephone number and told me his occupation. An hour later, after they had changed seats while my back was turned to them, I called each man by name, gave his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I had read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out *what it was* that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of $5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from $20 to $100).

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a let-up and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

> "Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell; Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business $100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining an infallible Memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers round the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

> "Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts."

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

. . . . . .

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. R 222 119 West 40th Street New York

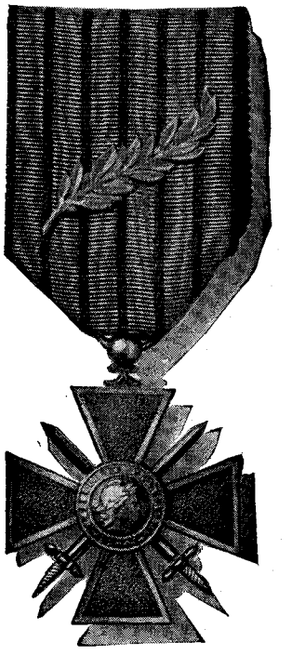
Please send me the Roth Memory course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name .....

Address .....

..... Outlook 2-12-19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE
CROIX de GUERRE

has been awarded the First and Second Groupements of the Great Headquarters Reserve No. 1 of the French Army, each operating 500 or more White Trucks. Citations for distinguished service accompanied the order, supplemented by a later citation to the entire Reserve No. 1, operating

2,500 WHITE TRUCKS

This is the first and only instance on record of motor transport formations in *any* army receiving this high honor.

The White Trucks were all veterans, many in continuous war service since 1914.

"White Trucks Have the Stamina"

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

FEBRUARY 12, 1919

IS AMERICA A MELTING-POT?

THE American Federation of Labor has been urging the prohibition of immigration into the United States for a period of some years after peace has been declared. The bill, now before the House of Representatives, would prohibit immigration, with some few exceptions, for four years.

The first and main reason for the measure is that American workingmen do not want a surplus of labor brought here to compete with them.

The second reason consists in the plethora of labor due to demobilization.

The third is the frankly avowed opinion of the bill's apologists that "the far-famed melting-pot has proved to a great degree a delusion and a snare."

The fourth (possibly an afterthought) is that prohibition of all immigration is the only way to keep Bolshevism out of the country.

At present our immigration laws exclude dependent, illiterate, insane, criminal, and Anarchist foreigners. As to the last-named classes, our laws should be made stricter in the direction of more searching inquiries into the immigrant's record and into his possible adherence to Bolshevism or other menaces to law and order. But a wholesale prohibition of immigration is another matter. It would deny to otherwise innocent political refugees the asylum which this country has always afforded them. It would invite the irritation of foreign nations. It would disregard actual labor statistics. It would insult our war casualty lists, which show that many men of foreign extraction, because America *has* been a melting-pot, have gladly fought side by side with the native-born and have made the supreme sacrifice for her. As to keeping out Bolshevism, the bill might possibly have the contrary effect.

Some of the men who inspired the bill are now in Europe discussing international legislation. In those discussions, so far from finding a panacea in prohibiting immigration, they may discover it in some international plan, under the League of Nations, to utilize surplus labor wherever most needed. Or they may regard more favorably the plan first proposed by Dr. Sidney Gulick with regard to Japanese immigration and later adopted by the National Civic Federation and others, which would limit the maximum annual immigration permissible from any people to a fixed percentage from that people who have already become naturalized citizens, together with their American-born children.

We should have some kind of restricted immigration. But let the introducers of any legislation have a care how they take a fling at the "melting-pot."

"KEEP THE CHANGE"

The House of Representatives has just voted to increase each member's allowance for clerk hire from $2,000 to $3,200, "provided that no part thereof shall be paid to any member." The ostensible reason for this extraordinary advance in allowance is to provide for the engagement of a stenographer as well as of a clerk or secretary. But the real reason would seem to be to reconcile members to the deprivation of handling the money themselves.

Heretofore each member has been allowed $2,000 a year, paid to him. He could use it to employ a clerk at $2,000, or two clerks at $1,000 apiece, or one clerk at $1,000 and perhaps his wife or daughter at nothing at all a year and in these two instances he could "keep the change himself."

The paragraph in question does not affect the clerical forces of the various committees. That is provided for separately. Even the most insignificant and superfluous committees generally have a clerk at $2,200 to $4,000, besides a stenographer and a "messenger."

The House vote was only 150 to 146, and the Senate has not acted. The reform, therefore, hangs by a hair. It may be defeated on reconsideration in the House; it may be defeated by the Senate; it may be rejected in conference. Any of these things may happen unless the country is heard from in the meantime. The country should be heard from. It should inform the House that in removing clerk hire from the realm of personal perquisites and putting it into the category of public payment for public service it has taken a most important step in Civil Service reform. But in doing this the country should insist that no increase in each member's allowance for clerk hire is justified unless it be expended for service to the public.

All friends of the Civil Service will feel, we think, that if this reform can be made to "stick"—and it can—the whole legislative Civil Service may before long come under the merit system; that is to say, applying it to the doorkeepers, pages, watchmen, etc., most of whom are now chosen by the presiding officers of the Senate and the House.

Legislative employees, of whatever character, should be regarded as public servants. If they are so regarded, then the public is entitled to be assured regarding two matters: first, that they are competent to discharge their duties; second, that their remuneration should be paid directly to them, and not, for them, to some member of Congress who is allowed to "keep the change."

OUR MERCHANT MARINE

According to the newspapers, Mr. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, has announced that the Board will adopt the policy of writing off as war expense the excess cost of United States Government owned ships above ships of similar class under foreign flags and built in foreign yards. This is necessary, he believes, because American ships constructed under war conditions by the Government have been built at a far greater cost than those of other nations.

We now expect from Mr. Hurley an announcement that the number, types, sizes, and speeds of ships are to be adjusted from war necessities to a peace programme planned by shipping experts.

The war history of the American merchant marine has been inspiring. In the year just preceding the war Great Britain was building five times as many ships as we were building. In 1919 we are building almost twice as many as Great Britain. Two of our ships are now doing the work that three did before the war. Under the United States Shipping Board's direction, this increased service has been obtained by quickening the "turn around"—that is to say, curtailing the time spent in port by hastening the discharge of cargo and the taking on of a new one. This has been done by the unification of cargoes, by direct routing, and by full loading, as well as by cutting down the ship's time in port. The beneficial result is seen both in our coastwise and in our foreign trade.

It would thus seem as if we had not only goods and markets, but ships, and, in some degree, their efficient handling. Yet this is not enough. How about cost, operation, rates? We have already noted the high cost of ship construction here.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The operating cost of American ships has been fifty per cent greater than that of other countries. A lowering of the rates by one-third has just been instituted perforce to meet the British cut. Moreover, while the war has partly leveled our legislative barriers, our navigation laws still need amendment.

It is clear from the foregoing summary that we have a ship problem as well as a railway problem to solve. Whether the Government shall continue to operate our railways or not is a debatable question. But that the Government should turn over our merchant marine to private operation at the earliest possible moment does not seem to us open to question. There should be Government regulation, of course, certainly of labor conditions and wages, possibly of rates. But the main purpose of the Government should be through liberal and equitable laws to promote international commerce on the sea by fostering private initiative and efficiency with reasonable profits as the incentive.

THE NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE

Despite the rebuffs received in the elections last November the Non-Partisan League seems as active as ever.

For many years in North Dakota the "American Society of Equity" had been urging the building of public elevators for grain. The State Legislature of 1915 had been elected on a mandate to provide for these demands. It failed to carry them out. People believed that manipulations by "big business" had caused the Legislature's failure. At this moment A. C. Townley, a Socialist leader, established an independent non-partisan organization. A strong personality and a forceful speaker, he convinced the farmers that their only prospect of relief was to capture the majority party's (the Republican) organization. The following year the League had 40,000 members.

But the North Dakota farmers, no matter how inclined to promote class prejudice, were too stalwart in their Americanism to yield to any attempt by certain leaders of the League to affiliate with the I. W. W. (Some of these leaders have now been indicted and convicted for seditious activities.) Hence these farmers also resent any imputation of Bolshevism. One of them, writing to The Outlook, affirming that "the League was organized to protect the farmers from the manipulations of the Minnesota grain men, who had a stranglehold on them," maintains that "this is very different from the movement in Russia, which is simply an effort to establish a Socialistic government." Another writes: "Is it a crime for the producer of a commodity to desire to place his product in the consumer's hands at the least possible expense? Is this Bolshevism?"

On the other hand, Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, writing to The Outlook, asserts: "It is not true that the Non-Partisan League was organized *purely* to protect the farmers of North Dakota against the manipulations of the Minnesota grain men. There was a movement of that kind in North Dakota, but it was under other auspices (the Society of Equity). There was a movement among the farmers of the State for Federal grain inspection, they claiming that the Minnesota system was unjust and unfair. They finally succeeded in getting Federal grain inspection, and ever since have been complaining of that, and most of them are now wishing themselves back in the Minnesota system. . . . As a violent Socialist, Townley has been in close touch with all the extreme and disloyal elements. The loyal members of the League did not relish his outspoken pro-Germanism, his open opposition to the war, and his close affiliation with seditious elements. Finally, Townley perceived that it would be necessary for him to change front to save the League."

"TOWNLEYISM"

The necessary change of front had one amazing result, so Mr. Nelson says, namely, "the aid of the Chairman of the Committee on Public Information at Washington, who during the recent campaign sent speakers to address Townley meetings in Minnesota; owing to widespread protest, however, these speakers abstained from attending the meetings."

The headquarters of the Townley movement have now been moved to St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, and from there the agitation is managed. All money from the State organization is put into a general fund, under Townley's control; according to his testimony in a court proceeding, these sums a year ago amounted to $3,790,000. At the present time they doubtless largely exceed that amount.

The League has now two daily papers in North Dakota; one each in Montana and Idaho; in Minnesota no less than thirty-one country weeklies are now controlled by Townley followers.

"Townleyism" apparently presents three dangers to the country: (1) its autocratic methods of operation; (2) its disloyalty to the Nation as illustrated in the recent Minnesota election; (3) its political programme.

On these points present doings in North Dakota furnish evidence. The League's victory last autumn in that State resulted in the capture of all the State offices but one, as well as the capture of the Legislature, and actually of the Supreme Court. At the election ten amendments to the Constitution were submitted to the voters. Five of these received the majority of all the votes cast, while the other five received only a majority of the votes cast on these amendments. Hence, under the State Constitution, these last amendments were defeated. But, as a Townley Supreme Court has been elected, the Townleyites declare that all ten amendments were carried, relying upon the Court to sustain this view. Nor have they waited for a court ruling, now holding that ratification is an act of a legislative character—and the docile Legislature, it appears, has ratified the amendments.

The facts seem to indicate that the responsibility for "Townleyism" does not rest solely upon the shoulders of Mr. Townley. What has been done so far in North Dakota has apparently been accomplished by an appeal to the ballot under the Constitution of the State, and is therefore an expression of the will of the people themselves.

A RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST OF THE OLD TYPE

If any Russian has loved Russia and suffered for Russia, it is Madame Breshkovsky. Like most of the old-time revolutionists, she stands to-day for freedom and democracy, and not for license and Bolshevism. So also does Nicholas Tschaikowsky, who was tried at the same time as Madame Breshkovsky (1909) for revolutionary acts and words. Through some slip of the Russian police or judicial system, he was acquitted, while she was sent to Siberia. To-day Tschaikowsky is President of the anti-Bolshevist government in northwestern Russia, and is expected to appear at the Paris Peace Conference in behalf of the cause of Russian freedom. A portrait of Madame Breshkovsky appears in another section.

The spirit and hopes of Madame Breshkovsky and those who think with her were shown in her talk to the representatives of the press on her recent arrival in New York City. She declared that the present Soviets are the creatures of the Bolsheviki, and were not elected by the people, but for the most part "were sent from Petrograd and Moscow and were Bolsheviki, who acted as dictators." At the beginning, she said, the German agents upheld the Bolshevist idea, and it attracted ignorant Russians because the leaders said that the land would be divided. It was not divided, and when the Bolshevik leaders gained power "they turned loose from the prisons all criminals and all the police who had served the Czar, experts in murder and extortion, *provocateurs* of riots."

In reply to the question as to what can be done to help Russia, Madame Bresh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kovsky, as quoted by the New York "Sun," said:

> My only desire is that my people should be honest and clever enough to take care of themselves. You ask me if I favor intervention. I reply that any help is welcomed if it is unselfish and is given for the establishment, step by step, of a true democracy, which is the highest ideal of Socialism. If you are thinking of your own benefit, we will not have you.
>
> In some ways I think Russia has a more beautiful future than any other people. Above all, realize that Bolshevism and Socialism are not the same thing. They are very different, and are now struggling together in Russia. Bolshevism is only destructive. Socialism is only for the slow building of freedom and a democratic government under which we can educate our people.

It is an especial pleasure for The Outlook to join in the welcome to Madame Breshkovsky on her return, after many years of devotion to the cause of freedom. It was in this journal that there was published in 1905, not very long before she braved the dangers of Russia, an article from her pen under the title "Who Is Father Gapon?" And in November, 1917, The Outlook had the pleasure and honor of being the medium through which a special message was conveyed to the people of America from Catherine Breshkovsky, written in her imperfect but earnest and moving English. In it this cheerful and vigorous patriot, now seventy-five years of age, declared that she still felt "plenty of energy and courage," and reiterated her belief that the future of Russia lay largely with the peasants if only they can be given opportunity to learn and understand. It is true now, as it was then, that "their faith in the sanctity of the patrimony and the security of religion and nationality is the guarantee of our liberty and our power to face every danger, with the assurance to come to a noble end before long."

LETTERS TO THE GOVERNMENT

Members of Congress are aware of the fact that during the period of the war all the letters written to the Government have not been addressed to them personally, by any means. A multitude of new commissions, bureaus, and divisions developed a correspondingly new area of contact with the "people back home," until probably nobody knows the extent of the correspondence that has resulted.

Recently the Bureau of Education in Washington has made public the fact that through the United States School Garden Army it is in direct communication with hundreds of children, whose letters come through uncensored, even at the risk of disclosing what degree of proficiency in grammar and spelling may thereby be established.

It was a youthful garden captain in "Love Joy," Pennsylvania, who reported to Dr. J. H. Francis, Director of the Garden Army:

> As you are substituting for Uncle Sam I would like to let you know how your company is doing. Beffor we got the insignia we organized our company, elected officers and got busy with our gardens. All the children in our school (except the bigger girls thot it bigger business to work for the Red Cross) enroled. George and Preston Buterbaugh, Clarence and Leroy Meekins fenced an old garden on a vacant farm, spaded and planted it. When the vegetables were partly grown the unpatriotic cows got in and destroyed it. But Preston made a garden at home and also gathered berries and George worked on a farm all summer.
>
> Ella Sweitzer is a cripple. She planted her garden, first the chickens scratched it out then the frost almost killed it and then a big apple tree fell on it but her dad trimmed the lims off the garden.
>
> All our Souldiers worked well, and we are glad to get the information you sent out and we are going to keep right on studying this winter and learn the garden right. We will name the vile weeds and Bugs for the Kaiser and his gang, and learn how to kill and make them prisoners. Some of the sneaking sly germins we will call U Boats.

From Ardock, North Dakota, Private Harland Corcoran, of the Garden Army, sent this request:

> Harry Gwerziski and Milton Drew are planting potatoes. Please send all leaflets and information, plans and other things, which were on one of the pages you printed. The diagram was 20 feet long, 15 feet wide. Tell me how deep to plant the seed and cucumbers, too.

Bernard Ely, captain of a youthful company in Bakersfield, California, reported:

> I have sold enough vegetables from my garden to pay for my music lessons all summer. I have enough pumpkins to feed my pigs for several months. I also have bought five dollars worth of thrift stamps with my vegetable money and stand a good chance of getting first prize for my garden.

An earnest young secretary of an Eastern garden club wrote to the Secretary of the Interior, the letter now being in the files of the Garden Army:

> Prospects are that club will bust up. Our President is absent just when meetings are held. I am sure I don't want the club busted up for I was just getting interested in it. Another thing that I am sure of is that girls would do better than one with no girls in it.
>
> P. S.—Send me your advice about a new President.

The letters coming in now are chiefly requests for Government seeds. They were received from Texas before Christmas, and the "line of the spring offensive" has been moving slowly northward ever since that time.

TWO SIGNS OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

The outcome of the war brings a larger and closer Christian fellowship. People are becoming impatient of denominational barriers.

As an instance we note the increasing observance of Lent by other bodies than the Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches, together with the desire of the Protestant communions to worship at union services. For years at Lakewood, New Jersey, the daily services at the Episcopal church during Holy Week have been conducted by clergymen of the various denominations. This year, in New York City, there will be a joint observance of the whole season of Lent through united services held in different parts of the city. These meetings will culminate in Holy Week, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where the daily sermons will be preached by clergymen of other than the Episcopal Church.

Another significant development of the movement towards Christian unity is the Interchurch Emergency Campaign, conducted by fourteen co-operating Protestant bodies. It is an outgrowth of the War-Time Commission of the Churches, which has already emphasized the trend towards unity. The Interchurch Campaign has as the Chairman of its Executive Committee, Bishop Reese, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Southern Ohio, who, together with Dr. John R. Mott, Dr. William Adams Brown, and other leaders from the various denominations, is addressing and guiding conferences and meetings in the chief cities of the country to impress upon the public the fact that the needs presented by post-war conditions are so vast that they can be met only by the united efforts of all branches of the Church. Among these problems are the tasks of making permanent the spirit of service in which our soldiers and sailors dedicated their lives to the country; of meeting the economic, social, and moral needs of the demobilized troops; of carrying on a united social and religious work for the men and women in our industrial centers; and of rebuilding churches and charitable institutions in the devastated areas abroad.

Thus are the various Christian bodies acting together in loyal union and meeting the great challenge of our time to the Church as a whole.

ANOTHER PROOF OF FRANCO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

For the first time in the history of the great French galleries an invitation has been given to a foreign country, the United States, to send to them an exhibit of the art of that particular country.

We have heard a great deal lately of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the increase of friendship between America and France. This bestowal of a new honor certainly illustrates that increase.

Acting for the French Government, its Minister of Fine Arts has invited Mr. William A. Coffin, the well-known American artist, to form a committee to select about a hundred and fifty works by American painters and sculptors. The French Government will exhibit these works in the Musée du Luxembourg, that unrivaled gallery of contemporary art. Works by certain Americans—Saint-Gaudens, Sargent, Whistler, and Tanner, for instance—may already be found there. But it is a pleasure to feel that these will be reinforced by the works of other Americans not later than the end of next spring. Visitors will thus have an opportunity of seeing a fairly representative display of our present-day art. Only the works of living artists are to be sent, and representation will be by invitation only. The sculptures shown will be small pieces, owing both to lack of space and difficulties attending transportation.

Two things will doubtless mark our exhibit in Paris: French comment on it, and its influence on America.

As to the first, comment may follow that of Italy in 1912 when we sent an exhibit to the exposition in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity. Italians thought that our painting showed "symphonist" influence. Whistler was a symphonist; so are other Americans. But it is a very debatable question, we think, whether most American paintings are "symphonies" in major or minor—that is to say, in high or low tone—or are "symphonies" in different colors: yellow, purple, gray, green. Again, Italian comment, acknowledging the excellence of our landscapes, thought our figure pieces mostly without much passion. Perhaps that is true.

As to any repercussion in this country from the coming exhibit, it will result, we believe, in a keener appreciation of our own art, a conviction that the best of our art can meet the best of any, and all this with no boastfulness or braggadocio. In its National and local emphasis our art may be different from other art. It ought to be. Otherwise it would not be American. And so the Luxembourg exhibit should be characterized not so much by the works of particular persons as by the works of typical artists.

This granted, we have no fear either of foreign comment or of American reaction.

THE RED CROSS RECREATIONAL PROGRAMME

The American Red Cross, co-operating with other organizations, is carrying on for our invalided soldiers all the recreational activities in the military and reconstruction hospitals throughout the country, except those which come under the classification of physical education or therapeutic treatment. And even in this field the Red Cross helps to the extent of supplying equipment and rendering such other service as may be requested by the medical or reconstructive agencies. This recreational work is of great value, and in many cases it has been found more beneficial to both the body and the spirit of the man than medicines.

Games, books, the "movies," theaters, dances, and so-called "evenings at home," when the men and their friends sit around the open fireplaces telling stories, popping corn, and roasting apples, play a large part in drawing the minds of the patients away from their ailments. The men are encouraged in every possible way to use the library supplied by the Library Association, and it is interesting to note in this connection that since the signing of the armistice there has been a great demand for technical books—on business, chemistry, engineering, and the like—whereas formerly the main interest was chiefly in books having to do with the war, its theory and technique.

In the Red Cross convalescent house may be found desks and writing materials which invite the men to send letters home. Music is an important factor in this recreational work. It is not only desirable as a form of entertainment, but in many mental cases in the neurosis wards the men are actually found to respond physically to certain classes of music. There are teachers who are glad to give instruction to the men in both vocal and instrumental music, and the bands and orchestras never fail for want of a leader.

These homes are prepared to take care of the visiting relatives of the wounded soldiers. From fifteen to twenty beds are provided on the top floor of these houses, and when other accommodations are not available the members of the family can be housed here.

Then there are the recreations classed as physical education, which include all field sports and gymnasium games, such as baseball, basket-ball, soccer, golf, tennis, rowing, swimming, boxing, hockey. In fact, any sport is offered which is suited to the individual or to groups of men which the medical officers advise as a corrective measure. In all this work competition is of vital importance, and every effort is made to induce rivalry.

Nor is the work of the Red Cross confined to the soldier in the hospital. After his return to his home it stands ready to give him any necessary assistance, so that in case of prolonged convalescence he may be relieved of all worry incident thereto, and if legal or other advice is sought the Red Cross is glad to aid him in this direction also.

AN EDUCATIONAL EXTENSION

The creation by President Wilson of a new Division of Educational Extension to function under a special emergency appropriation until July 1, in the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, is an important step in the direction of salvaging much of the educational experience and material collected during the war. One of the immediate aims of the new Division is assistance to the State university extension divisions in their community center and Americanization work—by common consent one of the first reconstruction measures. The Division will serve as a clearing-house of information on the activities of Governmental bureaus and on the activities of such public agencies as the Councils of Defense and the State Bureaus of Immigration and Amercanization. The universities are awakening to their opportunities for leadership in this field of reconstruction.

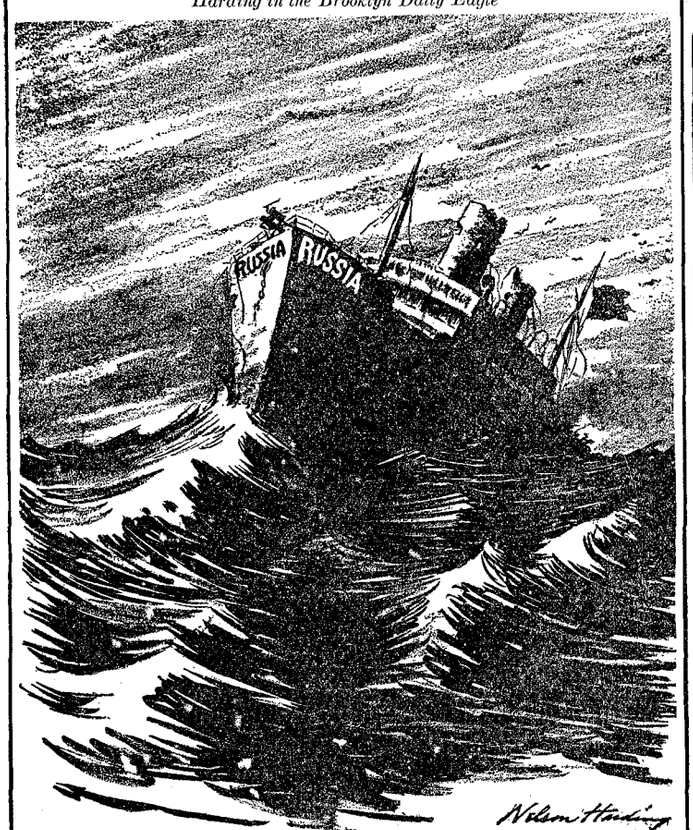
The National Division is organized on the plan of the State extension divisions, such as are functioning in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and California, and will have the same machinery that has proved efficient in furthering formal adult education, public discussion, community centers, and welfare activities of various kinds. The Director, Mr. J. J. Pettijohn, was active in organizing the educational campaign of Indiana during the war through his work as Director of the Indiana University Extension Division and as Secretary of the Educational Section. He has in other ways gained knowledge of the agencies existing for educational propaganda such as was made necessary by the war and is now demanded in the work of reconstruction.

While the new Division is at this time a temporary salvage measure, it should become a permanent branch of the Bureau of Education. It has the backing of the National University Extension Association and the institutions which that organization represents, and its machinery is designed especially to aid the State divisions in co-operating with each other and with the National Government. It can, for instance, perform a great public service by discovering and evaluating in the mass of Governmental reports and documents the material of wide public interest, and then by popularizing that material through its Library and Public Discussion Service. It can revive the art of debate by soliciting the opinions of prominent men about the importance of discussing certain subjects, by collecting bibliographies for the use of debating teams, and by the promotion of State and National discussion. These are only a few of the many lines of work contemplated, but they indicate something of the possibilities of the Division of Educational

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



A DANGEROUS DERELICT

Satterfield in the Peoria Transcript

SITTING ON TROUBLE

RUSSIA AND MEXICO ENDANGER THE WORLD'S PEACE

Darling in the New York Tribune

ALREADY LOOKING FOR A HOLE IN THE NEW FENCE

Morris in the Brooklyn Citizen

Copyright by George Matthew Adams Service

John Bull: "Now what in 'ell can Sammy see in 'er?"

TWO VIEWS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Extension as a co-ordinating, standardizing, and promoting agency for the education of the adult.

COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION

ON another page of this issue there will be found some maps which show the colonies, territories, and islands in Africa, Asia, and the Pacific Ocean which have, so to speak, been expatriated by the great war and are now in process of being repatriated.

In all former wars, certainly in all modern wars, with one exception, which we shall note later, some, at least, of the territory taken from the vanquished has been retained by the victor as the natural and legitimate spoils of war. Generally speaking, the only protest to such a military territorial policy has been made by the conquered nation. It was thus that Alsace-Lorraine was taken by Germany; but, while for nearly fifty years France cherished a profound sense of injustice, it did not even occur to the rest of the world to suggest any remedial action until the European war had been going on for nearly two years.

How great a change has come over world opinion in the last twenty-four months is dramatically illustrated by the action which the Peace Conference at Paris is now taking on what is known as the colonial question. Two policies have come before the Conference for its choice.

One is to divide among the Allies the colonies, territory, and islands formerly under the control of Imperial Germany.

The other policy is to set each colony, island, or territorial nation on its own feet, with an opportunity to develop its own destiny under the guardianship of one of the Allied nations designated for the purpose.

In the one case the colony would become the actual property in fee simple of the Allied nation to which it should be assigned. In the other it would become the property of its inhabitants, to be held in trust for the benefit of the inhabitants by the nation to which it should be assigned, with "ultimate provision for the recognition of independence" for the more advanced colonies. The second policy is the one which is now likely to be adopted at the Peace Conference. If, for example, Great Britain is made trustee for German East Africa, it will be called a mandatory nation because it receives a mandate from the Peace Conference to administer the affairs of German East Africa and to be answerable to the League of Nations for the proper administration of the trust or mandate.

It is only fair to the people of the United States to say that their own experiment in colonial administration, the first of its kind in the history of the world, set the example and established the precedent for this policy of trusteeship, and it should not be forgotten that Theodore Roosevelt played a prominent part in establishing this precedent. At the close of the Spanish War, under the old method of dealing with territorial questions, Cuba would naturally have become the absolute property of the United States. Indeed, all Europe expected this result, and a very influential section of the Republican party, then dominant in the Nation, hoped for it. But just before President McKinley's assassination, the Platt Amendment was passed, under which the United States said, in effect, to Cuba: "You may establish an independent Republic; if you make good, we shall be very glad; but if you show yourselves inefficient and unable to maintain human justice, law, and order we shall step in and take control." Under that mandate we have once in twenty years stepped in and taken temporary control when, in 1906 during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, the United States declared a Provisional Government for Cuba. It was generally supposed that this meant the final annexation of the island, but in 1909 the Provisional Government was brought to an end by Mr. Roosevelt, and Cuba is now apparently well grounded as one of the family of nations and our trusteeship is no longer necessarily active.

It may thus be said that Theodore Roosevelt, if not the inventor of the theory, was, at any rate, the creator of the policy of trusteeship in colonial administration.

This theory of government has been carried a step further at the Peace Conference. While the United States is a trustee nation for Cuba, it is answerable only to its own conscience. Under the Paris plan, the trustee nation will be appointed by the League of Nations and will be answerable to it, just as the trustee of an individual estate is answerable to the Supreme Court for the proper discharge of his duties. And just as the ward of a guardian or trustee may apply to the courts for redress of alleged wrongs, so the colony, under the new plan, may appeal to the League of Nations for the rectification of injustices committed by the trustee nation. The only objection that has been advanced to the plan of administrating the colonies by trusteeship is that the trustee nation in this respect will have to surrender its sovereignty to the superior authority of the League. But this is not a valid objection unless it is taken against the fundamental idea of any League whatever, for there can be no League of Nations unless in certain particulars and directions the members of that League agree to submit to the will of the majority of the League.

Under the English common law, a man's house is his castle, where he is sovereign. But he is not sovereign in his community or neighborhood. His sovereignty is limited by the joint and superior power of the neighborhood. When this principle is firmly grasped, the idea of a League of Nations grows less and less shocking. Each nation will be sovereign in its own particular and domestic affairs, but will submit to the superior sovereignty of the League. The trusteeship plan of colonial administration seems likely to be carried into effect, and if it is a success nothing can more naturally and firmly establish the practical workings of the League idea.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

THIS issue of The Outlook bears the date of Lincoln's Birthday—of all our National holidays the one for which the American people have perhaps the tenderest feeling.

The peculiar affection in which the memory of Lincoln is held is not due to his statesmanship nor to the fact that he saved our Republic from disintegration and ruin, nor even to the fact that he dealt the great and final blow to human slavery. It springs from the subconscious recognition of the average American man and woman that Lincoln was an American like themselves—a product of their soil, their home life, who had their trials to suffer and their difficulties to face. Instead of becoming sordid and mean and narrow-minded and critical and complaining, his love and sympathy and breadth of view and human understanding grew until these divinely human qualities literally ennobled him. Lincoln stands as a kind of immortal witness to every man of what that man himself may become, not in fame and statesmanship, but in personal character. No one has more beautifully defined this power of Lincoln to evoke the understanding and sympathy of the average man than Carl Schurz in his essay on Lincoln—one of the masterpieces of our literature:

> But his standing before posterity will not be exalted by mere praise of his virtues and abilities, nor by any concealment of his limitations and faults. The stature of the great man, one of whose peculiar charms consisted in his being so unlike all other great men, will rather lose than gain by the idealization which so easily runs into the commonplace. For it was distinctly the weird mixture of qualities and forces in him, of the lofty with the common, the ideal with the uncouth, of that which he had become with that which he had not ceased to be, that made him so fascinating a character among his fellow-men, gave him his singular power over their minds and hearts,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN[1]

BY WITTER BYNNER

"Lincoln?—
Well, I was in the old Second Maine,
The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.
Of course, I didn't get the butt of the clip;
We was there for guardin' Washington—
We was all green.

"I ain't never ben to but one theater in my life—
I didn't know how to behave.
I ain't never ben since.
I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.
I can tell you, sir, there was quite a panic
When we found our President was in the shape he was in!
Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

"Yes sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.
He was a spare man,
An old farmer.
Everything was all right, you know,
But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man at all—
Not in no ways;
Thin-faced, long-necked,
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

"And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful;
He wa'n't so high but the boys could talk to him their own ways.
While I was servin' at the hospital
He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,'
Praise us up, you know.
And he'd bend over and talk to the boys—
And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close—
That's why I call him a farmer.
I don't mean that everything about him wa'n't all right, you understand,
It's just—well, I was a farmer—
And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

"I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him."

[1] From "Grenstone Poems," copyright, 1917, by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Reprinted by permission.

and fitted him to be the greatest leader in the greatest crisis of our National life.

To attempt to say anything new about Lincoln would be hopeless and futile. But on this day it is worth while, well worth while, to re-read what has been said about him, what he has said himself, and to renew and repeat our attachment to him and our allegiance to the great democratic principles in which he believed and which he practiced. At this crisis in the world's affairs will it not help us to recall that Lincoln knew no class or caste? He knew only men. All men were his fellow-men; and it may be said of him, as it was said of a great leader and lover of mankind nearly two thousand years ago, "When he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them."

Lincoln was not the champion of any one movement or any one group. He was the champion of justice and liberty for all the sorts and conditions of men that go to make up the human race—not the monarchist, not the democrat, not the capitalist, not the proletarian, but the man.

THE EREMITE TAKES A JOB

THE Happy Eremite stepped out into the crisp air. The evening was utterly quiet; there was no breath of wind and the cold had no venom in it. He walked slowly up the winding cement path to his study.

At the opening in the privet hedge he stopped. Over the luminous west, high over the delicate web the branches of the hickories made, hung the new moon "with the old moon in her arms," wonderfully clear, a complete orb. Above the three-quarters in shadow bent the white crescent, radiant and exalted and pure as a mother bending over her new baby. On the horizon below the last vestige of day lay like the most diaphanous of gold veils over the lavender of night.

The Eremite did not enter his study. He buttoned his coat and thrust his hands into its warm pockets and walked dreamily toward the barn, into the magic of crystal air and silvery light.

The frozen pond was a gleaming mirror, and here and there particles of frost in the brush along its banks sparkled like fairy eyes. Overhead the sky was a purple cave, littered with diamonds and diamond-dust.

The Eremite looked on it all, not with the sense of elation which beauty such as this was wont to stir in him, but with a vague feeling that was half apprehension and half depression.

"So you are giving up all this," he said to himself; "these wonderful nights, this clean, clear air, the beauty of wide stretches of hills and valleys and winding roads and smoke curling up from hid chimneys, the opportunity to have it all and to enjoy it at your own will, like the crazy King of Bavaria with his opera company ready to perform anything for him day or night at a moment's notice. You are giving up beauty and your personal freedom. For what? For a job in an office building!"

"A man has to live," answered his Sober Self. "Besides, wives and children, unimportant as they may seem to the artistic conscience, also have to live."

"You could write things—stories and essays and books. You know, they'll keep the pot boiling for you and still leave you the freedom which is your most valuable possession."

"True," answered S. S. "But, you see, there's also the cause. I'm not taking a job as a vender of purple and fine linen. I'm going to imprison myself in an office building in order to be a part of one of the great National movements of our time."

"Politics! Sociology! Uplift!" cried the other voice within him. "What have they to do with beauty except to standardize it and emasculate it and dress it up in fluffy ruffles for the edification of schoolgirls, and to drown it in rose-water? You fool too much with causes. Keep away from causes, particularly good causes. The gooder they are, the more fatal they are to beauty and the creative instinct."

"That's a large subject," answered Sober Self. "We might discuss that with profit all night long. You may be quite right. I don't doubt you are. There is a flaw in my sense of artistic devotion, no question. But, in times like these, I can't keep away from the good causes."

"But your freedom, your personal freedom! To let yourself be cramped within four walls and eight hours. You fool, not to think more of your freedom!"

"That's all very well," said Sober Self. "Perhaps I am a fool. But look. I've enjoyed this famous freedom for six years or more. And what has it amounted to? I've used my freedom to stick my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head in yokes. Have I been free here on the farm, where my time was all my own? It seems to me, as I look back over these years, that I have been a slave to a dozen different masters at once—a slave to a piece of land; a slave to a house; a slave to a furnace, a water system that froze, a pump that broke; a slave to cows and horses and chickens, to cooks and nursemaid and gardeners; a slave to bad roads. I have not been free. I am not the fool. You are the fool who sentimentalize about a freedom which never was!"

"Ah!" cried the seductive voice within; "but that is all in the past. You have learned much. You have had a new vision of life. Things would be different after this. You would be, not the slave, but the master of the things which once enslaved you. You have had a new birth of freedom. And now, like a fool, you fling it away!"

The Happy Eremite laughed outright with sudden exultation. "Why, if I have really had a new birth of freedom, then I win. If I have really learned how not to be a slave to cows and hens, then I have learned how not to be a slave to walls and the time-clock. Bury yourself, you antiquated fossil of what once was I! I know what I know. Wherever I am, whatever I do, time-clocks or no time-clocks, I shall be free!"

SPIRITUAL POWER AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

A CORRESPONDENT, not a clergyman, but a business man, writes to us protesting that the great spiritual forces of the war have not been sufficiently recognized. He says:

> Now that the war is over, just see the absence of any gratitude to God. Thanks and no end of praise and gratitude are given to President Wilson, to the Americans, the Red Cross, and others, with never a mention of thanks to God, in whom and by whom it was all done. Is it because no one recognizes the hand of God for righteousness in it all, or because those who do see it are not being heard, or because they are so few they don't count? Is it because no mention was made that it was God's war for righteousness while it was being waged, and now the fruits of it may consistently be apportioned by Mammon? When, where, and how is the Christian spirit to be heard in all this turmoil?
>
> Now that the god of War has been subdued, arise the gods of Capitalism and Socialism in their selfishness, each trying to overthrow the other to take to himself profits. Must they devour each other before the Christ spirit shall prevail? Is that the order of things to be, or is there a way just at this critical moment that his spirit may assert itself in the Peace Conference and be recognized and accepted as such?

The churches have not been absolutely dumb. There have been meetings for prayer and praise in different communities since the armistice. A united Episcopal service was held in the Episcopal Cathedral of New York City, and another in one of the armories of the city. Doubtless other analogous services have been held by different communions in different localities. But the Church as a whole has not been in evidence. Protestant and Catholic, Evangelical and Unitarian, Christian and Jew, united during the war in a drive for the purpose of securing means for religious, patriotic, and philanthropic work for the soldiers. There has been no similar union for promoting co-operation in the religious, patriotic, and philanthropic spirit in the work of reconstruction.

One reason is that there is no religious organization catholic enough to initiate such a movement. Neither the Y. M. C. A. nor the Federal Council of Churches can render this service, for both represent only Protestant Evangelical churches, and neither can hopefully or even consistently with their avowed principles call into a union service of prayer, praise, and counsel the Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, or the Jews. But there is no reason why there should not be a call for such union by a self-constituted committee consisting of a Roman Catholic cardinal, an Episcopal bishop, a Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist churchman, a Unitarian minister, and a Jewish rabbi. And it might well leave the people to respond by gathering according to their several inclinations in their several communities, singly or in co-operation, in churches or in halls. Such a National day of thanksgiving for the past and of prayer and counsel for the future would not involve any violation of ecclesiastical principles or ecclesiastical prejudices.

But there is a more serious obstacle to such a religious day of praise and prayer. It is not exactly indifference, though it approximates indifference.

There are very few atheists—that is, there are very few who affirmatively believe that there is no being of greater intelligence and nobler character than man. Atheism, so defined, is the climax of self-conceit. But there are a great many men who have no living, active, energizing faith in a personal Being who concerns himself with the interests and the affairs of men. And when they are asked to unite in prayer and praise to God they ask themselves, if not others, what God has to do with human life, and to that question can find no answer which satisfies them. If God caused the sun to stand still, as Jewish legend reports he did for the Hebrews, or caused a cross to appear in the heavens, as Roman legend reports he did for the Romans, they think that they would believe in his present-day interventions. But whatever may have happened in the past, there are no such interventions now. Why should they think that there are any interventions? What are we to thank him for?

It must be confessed that the too common answer of the churches to this question is not convincing. To assure us that God did interfere two thousand years ago does not convince the doubter that he interferes now. Only a present evidence suffices to convince the skeptic of a present intervention. Perhaps he intervened once, but intervenes no longer. Perhaps he never intervened, and history is mistaken. The incredulous mind wants a present evidence of a present fact.

And such evidence is not wanting. But it is spiritual, not scientific. Only spiritual evidence can establish a spiritual fact.

When in the early days of the war President Wilson told us that the causes of the war were obscure, that it did not concern us, that we ought to be neutral in thought as well as in action, he undoubtedly expressed the common feeling of the country. Only a small minority then saw that the battle was joined between autocracy and democracy, between pagan and Christian. Two years and a half later the whole Nation saw so clearly that it did concern us, and insisted so eagerly that we should take our part in it, that it could be held back no longer. No one imagines that the airplanes and cannon and ships and camps sprang out of the ground. But these were not the power that won the war. They were only the instruments which that power used. Where did the power come from? A nation spiritually asleep was a nation powerless. A nation spiritually awake was a nation invincible. What was the secret of its access of power?

There is a life of spring that is more than the life of all the grass and flowers and trees that are the evidence of the spring that is here. There is a life of the Spirit that is more than all the lives of all the heroic men and women who have been awakened by this life. We do not have to go back to the days of Constantine or Joshua for evidence that God is here. Bergson is right. Life is God; and life which turns the clod into a man is the evidence of his presence. A boy asks his father, "What is the air? I cannot see it, nor touch it, nor weigh it." "Come out, my son," replies the father, "this spring day. Now breathe." The boy draws in long breaths. "How good it is!" he says. "That is the air," replies his father. "You cannot see it, nor touch it, nor weigh it; the way to know it is to breathe it." That is the answer of the present to the demand, Give us some evidence of God. "In him we live and move and have our being." No Church has a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monopoly of him. He is neither Catholic nor Protestant, Orthodox nor Liberal, Christian nor Jew nor pagan; and he is all and more than them all: he is "all in all."

When we are not engaged in theological or ecclesiastical discussions, we recognize this Spirit in life who is more than the sum of all human lives. He is in all Churches and all religions, but he is more than all Churches and more than all religions. He binds us together in families, in neighborhoods, in nations.

We speak of the American spirit, the English spirit, the French spirit, the Italian spirit. And now we are beginning to perceive that, as no creed is sufficient to define and no ritual is sufficient to utter the human consciousness of the Great Spirit who makes of all religions one religion, so neither is any nation large enough to interpret it. It is this Spirit dwelling with us and in us who unifies us, binds us together, makes possible human brotherhood; who makes of a hundred million people of different tongues, traditions, faiths, races, one American people; and who now, in spite of our egotisms and our prejudices, is bringing all nations together in an international brotherhood. It is he who binds the past, the present, and the future together in a unity as impossible to deny as it is impossible to define.

This Spirit in literature unites all interpreters of life, because life is more than all interpreters; unites all lovers of liberty, because liberty is more than all political sects, as faith and life and love are more than all religious sects. This Spirit in Abraham Lincoln is more powerful to-day than it was when he was President, because he was only one interpretation of that spirit of justice and liberty and mercy which finds some interpretation in all pure, heroic, true men and women. It is not in a sun halting for an hour in its journey to the western horizon, it is not in a cross shining for an hour in the sky and then fading, that we are to look for an evidence of God. If these phenomena should occur, they would be but a poor evidence of God and no indication of his moral worth. Spirit is the evidence of Spirit, and it is in the Spirit in man we are to look for a Spirit greater than the sum of all human spirits. For God dwells in his children, and the evidence that he exists is in the children in whom he dwells.

We heartily indorse the call of our correspondent. All who believe in a Power greater than ourselves who makes for righteousness in ourselves might well be summoned to unite in an expression of their gratitude for his inspiring presence in the past and to make humble and hearty petition for his guidance in the future.

"MANDATORIES"

A POLL OF INTERNATIONAL OPINION ON THE DISPOSITION OF CAPTURED GERMAN AND TURKISH TERRITORY

"THE word 'mandatory' is a newcomer in the Peace Conference vocabulary." So writes Mr. Arthur Evans to the Chicago "Tribune." Certainly the word marks a sweeping change in colonial and territorial management.

It concerns the captured German colonies and the captured Turkish territories. They are indicated on the accompanying maps.

Nobody expects these colonies and territories to be returned to their former owners. What shall be done with them? Three things have been proposed:

1. Annexation by the capturing Power.
2. International administration.
3. The mandatory system under the League of Nations.

The first of these three plans would excite jealousies. The second has already broken down in Egypt, Samoa, and Albania. The third has never been tried. As accepted at Paris it is as follows:

1. The colonies and territories are to be administered for the benefit of their own peoples and not exploited as profit-making enterprises by the Powers claiming them.
2. The League of Nations is to be trustee of the colonies and territories.
3. It would work through particular States as its mandatories.
4. The choice of mandatories would be made on geographic, economic, and strategic grounds.
5. Two kinds of colonies and territories are in question—the more and the less civilized. They suggest two classes of mandatories. For the more civilized colonies and territories the mandatory would be chosen through some expression of the will of the inhabitants, the mandate, where well-developed civilization exists, permitting of ultimate provisional recognition of independence. For the uncivilized the League of Nations would give large powers to the mandatory.
6. The mandatory would be expected to keep the ports of the colonies or territories open for the whole world, thus insuring equal commercial opportunity.
7. The mandate would be revocable either because of misgovernment or because the people involved had reached the stage of self-government.
8. At stated intervals the mandatory would report to the League of Nations concerning the manner in which its mandates were being carried out.

UNFAVORABLE COMMENT

The announcement in Berlin of the Paris proposition called forth bitter comment. "We no longer have any say concerning our fate and future, but are already treated like slaves," is the way the ex-governmental "Lokal-Anzeiger" characterizes the situation. In like tone the Liberal "Börsen Zeitung" says:

> If President Wilson is correctly reported, he confesses openly that he, too, like Premiers Clemenceau and Lloyd George, does not desire Germany in the future community of nations as an equal among equals, but as a nation watched by overseers.

The Socialist "Vorwärts" exclaims:

> The League of Nations is making a lovely beginning! . . . We Germans would prefer an honest policy of stand-and-deliver to a policy of imperial aggrandizement adorned with ethical and oratorical phrases.

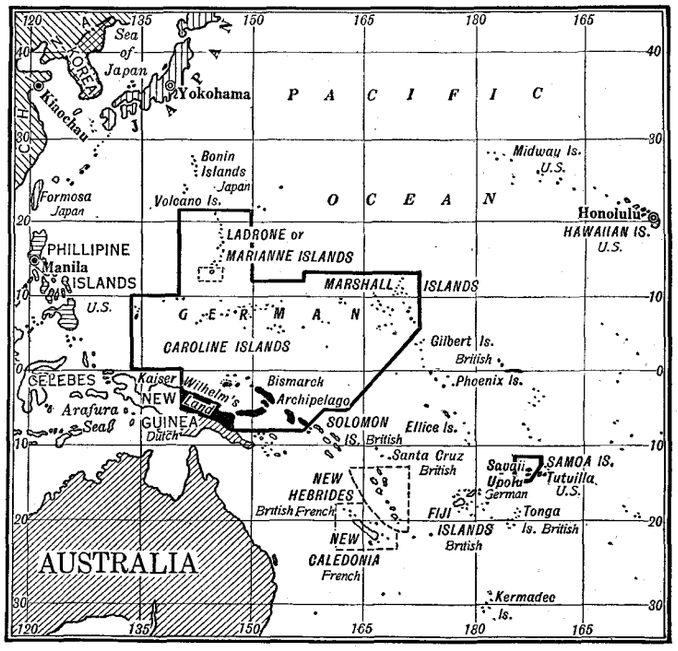
Comment in London is scarcely less pronounced, though, of course, for a different reason. The "Graphic" contends that Great Britain is entitled to recover from the aggressor such compensation as the latter can be made to pay, and the "Express," declaring that Germany deliberately gambled her colonial empire against a hoped-for world empire, adds: "We never heard that she proposed, in the event of victory, to hand over conquered French and British possessions to a lot of neutral, inexperienced gentlemen in frock coats." The "Morning Post" asks:

> Does sacrifice count for anything at all in this war? Have thousands of Australians who lie in Flanders and Picardy given their lives in vain? Are the rebels of South Africa going to turn on General Botha and to point in derision to the uselessness of his loyalty? . . .
>
> Is Mr. Lloyd George, who has already hauled down the flag to the Bolsheviki, going to intrust the British Empire in the Pacific and in South Africa to the Utopia of to-day which may become an appanage of Germany to-morrow? . . .
>
> The British Empire is to take its tenure from the League of Nations and administer territories which it has won by war in the League's behalf! That is an abrogation of sovereignty. The idea of making either the British Government or a Dominion Government servant of an international superior is an idea which the British people will not endure. . . .
>
> The British delegates . . . are not only surrendering the British interests intrusted to them, but are sowing the seed of such bitter discontent as might . . . disrupt the British Empire.

The "Globe" asserts:

> We and our allies made such sacrifices in the cause of humanity that we will be liable to think twice before we consent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CHINA AND THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

The small German colony in China—Kiaochau—(shown in map to left) was seized by Germany in 1897 on the pretext of indemnity for the murder of two German missionaries. It was recaptured by Japan in 1914. China claims it as having been brutally and illegally taken from her by the Germans. Japan, although desiring it, has stated that she would return it to China if the Peace Conference should so decide.

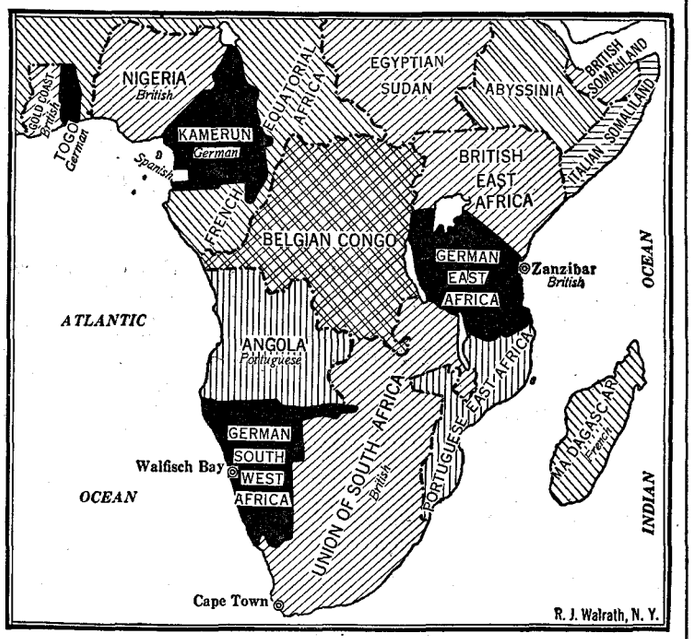
The Pacific islands under German colonial control are German New Guinea, or Kaiser Wilhelm's Land; the Bismarck, Solomon, Caroline, Pelew, Marianne (or Ladrone), and Marshall Islands; and Savaii and Upolu, the largest of the Samoan Islands.

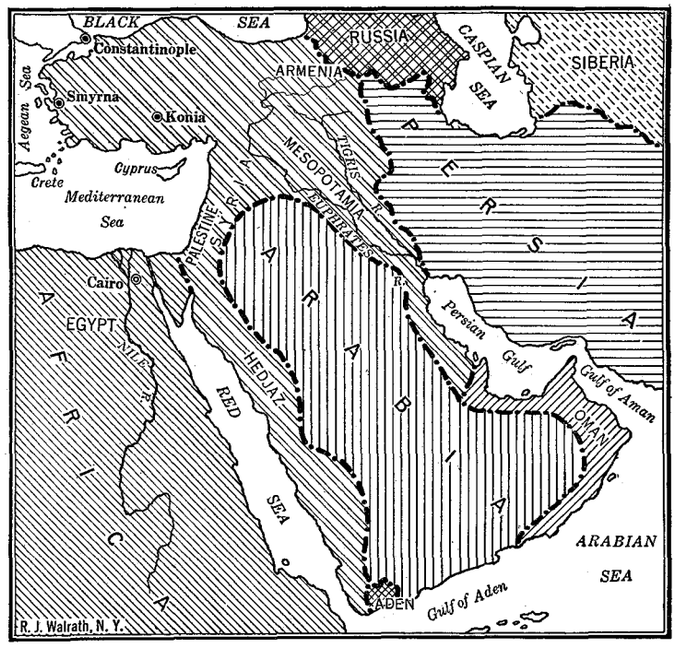
The estimated native population of these islands is about 700,000, the white population being about 2,000. Germany obtained possession of North New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago in 1884, of the Marshall Islands in 1885, and of part of the Solomon and the Samoan Islands, together with the Caroline, Pelew, and Marianne Islands (with the exception of Guam, the largest of the Mariannes) in 1899. During the war some of these possessions were captured by Australia and some by Japan. The German islands south of the equator have latterly been administered by Australia; those north of the equator by Japan; and the German Samoan Islands (captured in August, 1914) by New Zealand.

GERMAN COLONIES IN AFRICA

The German sphere in Africa (shown in map to right) consists of the colonies of Togoland, Kamerun, Southwest Africa, and East Africa. Their native population is about 12,000,000, and their white population some 23,000. The German colonies in Africa were established in 1884. In 1914–16 Togo and Kamerun were captured by the British and French acting together in each case. In 1915 Southwest Africa was captured by the South African forces. German East Africa held out the longest, but was finally taken in 1918 by British forces (including South African troops) under General Smuts from the north, and by Belgian and Portuguese troops on other sides.

South Africa expects to be the "mandatory" to govern German Southwest Africa, and would like German East Africa also. Togo and Kamerun are likely to fall to England and France.





CAPTURED TURKISH TERRITORY IN WESTERN ASIA

The captured Turkish territory (shown in map to left) in Asia consists of Armenia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, a vast region, not counting the Arabian Desert, containing about 10,000,000 people. The non-captured territory in Asia is Asia Minor proper. In Asia Minor, however, the Smyrna coast, its most populous and commercially important part, is now controlled by the Allies. Armenia, a region of 2,500,000 inhabitants, together with Russian Armenia, a region of over 1,000,000 people, may obtain provisional independence. Mesopotamia, a great region watered by the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers, has some 2,000,000 inhabitants and a romantic capital, Bagdad. The British expect to control Mesopotamia, perhaps with India as trustee under the "mandatory" plan. The still greater Arabia, but with sparser population, is looked upon by Great Britain as also belonging to its sphere of control, although the independence of the new Kingdom of the Hedjaz (comprising the holy cities of Mecca and Medina) has been recognized by the Peace Conference. Syria, with its population of over 3,000,000 people, is claimed by France, with much historic force, while Palestine is not unlikely to fall to Great Britain as trustee, probably with the cordial consent of the Zionists.

THE CAPTURED GERMAN AND TURKISH TERRITORY INVOLVED IN THE COLONIAL DISCUSSION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

(See editorial comment elsewhere)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unreservedly to place our resources at the disposal of a pack of idealists, however excellent their aims. . . .

Let us remember that . . . Mr. Wilson's policy, providing internationalization instead of nationalization, . . . along with the remainder of its visionary suggestions, will fall under the control of the League. Practical statesmen believe that Mr. Wilson, intent on trying his 'prentice hand, proposes to do this at the expense of the British Empire and its allies.

If the . . . ambling politicians do not stiffen their sinews and summon up their blood to resist these attempts to rob the nations who conquered the territories in question, they will do well to prepare to meet an indignant nation when they return.

The "Standard," which has repeatedly protested against President Wilson's application of abstract principles without regard to concrete cases, says:

The Princes' Islands affair shows the danger of applying an algebraic formula in all cases. . . . The Bolshevists being what they are, the conference lost caste in even proposing to confer with them. . . . If well-meaning but ill-judged proposals are forced upon the Conference, the whole cause of the League of Nations will be prejudiced. . . . It is impossible for Australia, which has sacrificed so much, to abandon the safeguards which she considers necessary. Australia . . . is as much concerned in the matter of the Pacific Islands as America was in Hawaii when that valuable base was annexed.

The New York "Evening Sun" thus summarizes American opposition:

We are about to assume part trusteeship of half-civilized peoples with whose affairs we are unacquainted and whose interests concern us in no direct way. The American people may well ask themselves whether, in entering upon this untried policy, we are not risking the entire structure of our international system. . . . With what show of consistency can we interfere in the affairs of other continents and yet seek to maintain inviolate from foreign intervention our own hemisphere?

In the United States Senate Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, declared:

We seem to have involved ourselves in serious difficulties with the Australians and with the Boers of South Africa, populations with whom we have always been most friendly and sympathetic. . . . We seem to be annoying them very much. . . . Our first duty is to make peace, which I don't think is concerned very much with what happens in Africa.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, added: "We have entered upon a boundless sea without chart or compass. . . . I have my firm, even my religious, belief that such a policy is the end of the Republic, as the fathers made it."

FAVORABLE COMMENT

Many American papers seem perfectly willing to see the Republic end, as the fathers made it, because they realize that new international duties are now upon us in connection with the League of Nations.

The Newark "News," the most important paper in New Jersey, reflects a widespread opinion in asking:

What is a League of Nations for if not to assume jurisdiction over such parcels of "No Man's Land" as these? Where is there a better place for it to begin to function than in the undeveloped and backward portions of earth which the nations have a common moral obligation to civilize and put on the road to self-government?

The Springfield "Republican" thus puts forth these three advantages:

It would safeguard in some measure the right of the natives of the German colonies to self-determination at a later date by reserving to them the right of appeal to the League of Nations, especially if the government were unsatisfactory to them.

It would also safeguard the principle of no annexations of conquered territory to which none of the Allied Powers had a valid claim prior to the war, and would keep the hands of the Allies clean of the taint of greedily plundering the German colonial empire.

It would, finally, set up in business from the start the new League of Nations.

Hence the Baltimore "Sun" claims:

The guardianship which Mr. Wilson proposes will carry with it all the practical National protection and fair advantages which absolute ownership would yield, while assuring to the wards just administration and accountability on the part of the administrators.

The New York "Evening Post" thus disposes of Senatorial opinion:

Senator Lodge's short and easy way to make peace would really be a long and rough road to travel. Just turn over the German colonies to those who have captured them, he urges. This would be an admission, pleasing to Prussia, of the right of conquest, which the United States Government has denied.

While acceptance of the new idea abroad seems to have been less spontaneous than in this country, the New York "Mail" considers that "President Wilson undoubtedly won an immense diplomatic victory," and that, after all, "there is nothing in the British Empire really opposed to his idea, because that Empire itself is based on the principle of trusteeship," and the London "Times's" Paris correspondent says: "Wilson, if he gains his point, will establish a precedent for the settlement of other and more difficult matters involving territorial interests."

The London "Westminster Gazette," points out to the Dominions that they need not be alarmed, as they will doubtless be "permanent mandatories" of the colonies and territories near them, and the "Daily News" adds:

To press unduly the claims of this or that country to the control of the colonies is imprudent, and to press such claims in terms which tacitly imply that the League of Nations does not exist or is an ineffective sham, is worse than imprudent.

The latest expression of French opinion, which is divided, is from M. Herbette, late Ambassador at Berlin, in the Paris "Temps." He points out that before an agreement was reached there was a certain amount of apprehension due to faulty appreciation of the realities, and claims that, as the principles of an understanding appear to have been reached, "there is no further cause for nervousness. Let us especially avoid indulging in hasty suppositions."

MR. MANN AND THE LUSITANIA TEST

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the issue of January 1, 1919, you say:

"If his Republican colleagues elect him [James R. Mann as Speaker of the House], the Republican party will deserve defeat in 1920 and will lose every bit of the moral and patriotic character which it gained in the recent Congressional elections. This is strong language. Is it justified?"

It seems to me that your argument based on the vote of Mr. Mann on the McLemore resolution is far from convincing, especially from the standpoint of the Administration. I heard Mr. Ollie M. James keynote the neutral policy of the Administration at the St. Louis Convention in 1916 in this fashion:

"The opponents of the foreign policy of President Wilson declare it has been 'evil and vacillating.' What do they mean by this? Is it that we should have gone to war when Belgium was invaded, which we were not bound to do either by contract or principle? Without orphaning a single American child, without widowing a single American mother, without firing a single gun, without shedding a single drop of blood, he has wrung from the most militant spirit that ever brooded above a battlefield an acknowledgment of American rights and an agreement to American demands. He has demonstrated that diplomacy hath its victories no less renowned than war. Shall we by his defeat tangle again the untangled international problems, open again these settled international questions? In the bloodiest crucible of all history he has kept 100,000,000 people in peace and honor."

You say: "The Lusitania test is one that may justly be applied to all American public men, . . . so that there shall be no more Lusitania murders."

I do not controvert your sympathies;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but what has been our diplomacy in the Lusitania matter?

The President said:

"Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude assumed by the Imperial German Government in matters of international right, and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas, having learned to recognize the German views and the German influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity, . . . I regret to inform the Imperial German Government that a formal warning purporting to come from the Imperial German Embassy at Washington, addressed to the people of the United States through the newspapers, that an unlawful and inhumane act will be committed cannot be accepted as an excuse or palliation of that act. . . . The people of the United States look to the Imperial German Government for just, prompt, and enlightened action in this vital matter [the Lusitania murder] with the greater confidence because the United States and Germany [the murderer] are bound together by special ties of friendship, . . . and, whatever provocation or circumstantial justification [the English blockade] for the past acts of its commanders at sea [including the Lusitania], the Government of the United States confidently looks to see the justice and humanity of the Government of Germany vindicated in all cases where Americans have been wronged or their rights as neutrals invaded."

The President recognized that "it is practically impossible for officers of a submarine to visit a merchantman at sea and examine her papers and cargo and make a prize of her; and if they cannot put a prize crew on board of her, they cannot sink her without leaving her crew and all on board of her to the mercy of the sea in her small boats. . . . Manifestly submarines cannot be used against merchantmen, as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity."

Here was the real issue buried under a multitude of words. It was the use of the submarine assassination on the open seas. The Outlook refers to the "Lusitania murders." This is another way of saying the use of the submarine as Germany used it was murder. The President does not use such plain language. He recalls "the humane and enlightened attitude" of Germany, and "confidently looks to see the justice and humanity of the Government of Germany vindicated in all cases where Americans have been wronged." Just how the Lusitania murder may be vindicated by the "justice and humanity of the Government of Germany" is not quite clear. True, that published warning will not "be accepted as an excuse or palliation" for another Lusitania murder; but the President looks "to the Imperial German Government for just, prompt, and enlightened action in this vital matter with the greater confidence because the United States and Germany are bound together by special ties of friendship," and, whatever the English provocation by her blockade, German justice and humanity will prevail.

The principle of the McLemore resolution is, taken in its entirety, a monstrous surrender of National sovereignty. Yet it is not hard to see how Mr. McLemore as a loyal Democrat thought he could aid his Administration by the resolution he introduced in Congress. Why not have our citizens postpone their joy rides on the seas till the "justice and humanity of the Government of Germany" had "vindicated itself in all cases where Americans have been wronged"? From the view-point of the Administration diplomacy, so eloquently pictured by Senator James, and from the President's own beautiful phrases, Mr. Jeff McLemore, of Texas, is some goat.

We can all see so clearly now what ought and what ought not to have been done! It may be that Colonel Roosevelt has the most consistent record of any of our public men on the issues leading to the war. How much he may have weakened his position by inopportunely telling the truth I do not pretend to guess.

If you are going to adopt one-hundred-per-cent tests, the President would have been easily flunked in the early part of the great war, though his average has greatly improved since. So, I think, has Mr. Mann's.

BRUCE L. KEENAN.

Tahlequah, Oklahoma, January 1, 1919.

We do not pretend to defend President Wilson's attitude and policies with regard to the great war during the years 1914, 1915, and 1916. We think he was wholly wrong and that history will confirm this judgment. But he at least treated the great catastrophe with seriousness and solemnity. He did not sneer and jeer at those who were losing their lives at the hands of the German barbarians. Congressman Mann did. His vote for the McLemore resolution may be debated on the ground of mistaken patriotism. But his wretched fling at the victims of the Lusitania as "joy-riders" is not debatable. We repeat what he said on the floor of Congress, officially reported in the "Congressional Record" of March 6, 1916:

> I hope that our citizens may be so advised that we shall never be put to the test whether we have to fight because some fool had entered upon a joy ride or voyage.

When he said this he knew, or ought to have known, of the tragic case of Mrs. Paul Compton, an American of Philadelphia, who with her six children was traveling on the Lusitania to join her husband in England. The entire family was drowned—murdered by the German assassins stealing upon them without warning. It was mothers and children like these that he contemptuously called "joy-riders." Can Americans tolerate such a man as Speaker of the House of Representatives?—THE EDITORS.

A STUDENT PEACE CONFERENCE

BY F. LEE BENNS, A.M.

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY, DANBURY HIGH SCHOOL, DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

THE Peace Conference in Paris brings to the teacher of history to-day an opportunity and a challenge—an opportunity to make history a living subject in the minds of his students, a challenge to reveal to his students the forces and influences which operate to mold history.

Most teachers of history realize that their task is not simply to make students read and memorize history, but to train them "in the making of history out of its raw materials," and the tremendous significance and vital grip of the events which are now transpiring in France offer an unprecedented opportunity for this training. The magnitude of the opportunity becomes, in fact, a challenge to the secondary school teacher of history whose students are old enough to realize that something of great importance is taking place, but not sufficiently mature to interpret and understand the significance of the events unguided.

In answer to this challenge the duty of the teacher, in part at least, would appear to be: (1) to awaken in his students a greater interest in the Peace Conference; (2) to inspire them to examine current newspapers and magazines to learn the various national aspirations and problems; (3) to lead them to discover that the problems of the Peace Conference are many, complex, and possible of adjustment only after much discussion and careful thought; (4) to prepare them to appreciate, when the final peace terms are published, how they have been molded and shaped by many forces and influences and have been in many cases the result of compromise; and (5) to show them that history is not simply "a record of the past," but is living and dynamic.

One of the best ways of fulfilling this duty seemed to be to have students of history go into the historical laboratory of current newspaper items and magazine articles, and, as a student of chemistry analyzes an "unknown," analyze these items to discover the forces and influences which would shape the historical "unknown," the Peace Treaty to be made. This plan was suggested to our senior classes in history soon after the signing of the armistice by Germany, and was immediately and eagerly accepted.

The first problem was to have them become acquainted with the various national aspirations and points of view. Each student was therefore appointed to represent one of the belligerents as a delegate. In order to do this each student had to read and study regarding his par-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticular country. The aim was to have each become so permeated with the views of the country which he represented that when later any question should come up for debate he would discuss it wholly from his country's standpoint. At the end of two weeks each student formulated and handed in the demands which, so far as he could ascertain, his country would be likely to bring forward at the Peace Conference.

Next came committee work. Students were assigned to committees to solve some particular problem, such as indemnities, recognition of new states, territorial adjustments, formation of a League of Nations, freedom of the seas. At the end of a week each committee had worked out as best it could its task, and was ready to make some recommendation to the Peace Conference. The work thus far had been carried on outside of class lessons. A week of class work was now set aside for the Conference, which should draw up the final treaty.

The students chose from their own number a permanent chairman and a secretary, who held office for the week. Then followed reports of the several committees. With the aid of statistics on national wealth, national war losses and expenses, wall maps, and knowledge gleaned by students regarding national aspirations, these reports were discussed, amended, rediscussed, and finally adopted.

The students thought that the question of indemnities would be easily settled, but before it was settled they concluded that indemnities in money alone would not be satisfactory, that there was a limit to the amount the Central Powers could raise, and that what the devastated nations really needed were materials and labor. It was at first thought that the best way to indemnify great Britain for her illegally sunk merchant ships would be to give her all Germany's present merchant marine. But some pointed out that Germany could not pay indemnities if her means of trade were taken from her, and so it was decided that Great Britain should receive money for her ships. Since Italy entered the war with the definite purpose to obtain territory, it was decided that she was not entitled to any indemnity. On the basis of these beliefs a system of indemnities was worked out, and armies of the Allies were to occupy strategic points in the Central Powers until these indemnities were paid.

It was readily agreed that the Conference should recognize the new states of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Poland. The chief task was to settle boundaries, and the most difficult to draw were those of Jugoslavia. The Serbian delegates demanded all of Dalmatia and wanted a plebiscite in the districts about Trieste and Gorizia. The Italian representatives cited the Treaty of 1915, and absolutely refused to grant Serbia's demands. The result was a compromise—Jugoslavia to include Dalmatia north to and including Spalato, together with Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Carinthia, Carniola, Croatia, and Slavonia. An attempt was made to carve Turkey into independent states, but the students soon felt beyond their depths, and dropped the matter, after deciding that Armenia should be a separate state, under the protection of the United States, and should receive a large indemnity from Turkey, to be used for reconstruction and development.

Two decisions regarding other territorial adjustments had apparently been made in advance: first, Alsace-Lorraine should go to France; and, second, Germany should give up all her colonies. The final disposition of Germany's colonies, however, was not quite so easy. There were marked undercurrents of opposition to giving Great Britain anything and to granting Japan any islands in the Pacific which might threaten the possessions of the United States. The final decisions, however, gave to France Alsace-Lorraine, Kamerun, and Togoland; to the British Empire, German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, German Guinea, and the Bismarck Archipelago; to Italy, the Tyrol, Istria, Gorizia, Trieste, and northern Dalmatia; to the United States, the sole protectorate of the Samoan Islands; to Japan, all the other German possessions in the Pacific; to China, Kiauchau; to Rumania, Bessarabia and Transylvania; to Greece, European Turkey. Constantinople and the waters connecting the Black and Ægean Seas were placed under the control of the League of Nations.

All the students agreed that such a league should be organized. The committee had worked out a scheme which, with two or three changes, was finally adopted by the Conference. Crude and incomplete as it was, it showed that they had given some thought to the needs of such a league, and that they were not to be stumped by the task of organizing it. Their plan called for a Supreme Court to decide questions of dispute between nations. It was to be composed of fifteen men, who should hold office during good behavior. The British Empire, the United States, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Japan, and China were each to choose one representative; other nations with a population of 15,000,000 or over were together to choose four, and the rest were to choose three. The legislative body to make international law was to be composed of 250 members—16 from each of the eight nations cited above, 70 from the second class of nations, and 52 from the rest. And, finally, an executive body was to see that the laws were obeyed and decisions of the Supreme Court carried out. This body was to be composed of one representative each from the British Empire, the United States, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, and Japan.

The question of freedom of the seas, after some discussion, was laid on the table for future action of the League of Nations.

Many problems which will come before the real Peace Conference were, of course, left untouched by the students. It was so planned. It was thought that the purposes of the Conference could better be achieved by having them limit themselves to five of the great problems rather than attempt to cover every minor and technical question which might arise. On the last day, in the midst of an enthusiastic debate as to what should be done with the ex-Kaiser, the closing bell rang and the "International Peace Conference" came to an end.

Though the students agreed that the time had been "most decidedly" well spent and that they had gained much new information, the real value of the experiment must be determined by its effects, immediate and lasting, upon the students. Whether or not it accomplished the results it was intended to accomplish can best be decided by checking up the original purposes with evidence presented by the students themselves.

(1) *Did it lead the students to take a greater interest in the Paris Peace Conference?* The students unanimously agreed that it did. Their reasons fell, in general, under two main heads: First, increased interest was due to increased knowledge. The realization which they gained in their Conference of the problems which faced the real Conference made them more interested in its work. Second, increased interest was due to awakened curiosity. Some had come to "wonder just who will get the money, lands, and so forth;" others were curious to see how near they in their Conference came to the decisions of the real Conference.

(2) *Did it inspire them to read current newspapers and magazines to learn the various national aspirations and problems?* Certainly many confessed to a change of habit in this respect. Although they "used to scan headlines" and "read magazines occasionally," they had not read thoroughly nor with any definite purpose. But in order to talk intelligently before other students in committee meetings and the Peace Conference they had been obliged to watch newspapers daily and search magazines carefully for articles dealing with peace problems and their possible solutions. Compulsion and pride as motives, however, were changed later, many said, to real interest in the problems and desire to find information upon them.

(3) *Did it lead them to discover that the problems of the Peace Conference are many, complex, and possible of adjustment only after much discussion and careful thought*, and so (4) *prepare them to appreciate, when the final peace terms are published, how they have been molded and shaped by many forces and influences, and have been in many cases the result of compromise?* One of the boys stated that he "used to think war was a few battles and an army surrendered, the peace was signed, and it was all over with," but he has come to see "how difficult it is to arrange a peace." Others have discovered that "peacemaking is a very hard task." Few had ever "dreamed there could be so much debate and argument or realized the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

length of time it took to agree upon the terms of one clause." Most felt confident that they would "be in a better position to appreciate the final settlements of the real Peace Conference" from their "efforts to solve some of the same problems."

(5) *Did it show them that history is not simply "a record of the past," but is living and dynamic?* Many said that formerly they had looked upon history more or less as "merely a record of events of the past," but that they had come to realize that it is not "dead and buried" but "is living and governs the present," that it is "continually developing," is "in the making now," and even "embraces the future as well."

This evidence, gleaned from statements of students who took part in the Conference, seems to prove that a student peace conference is one way to meet the present challenge. The whole affair offers convincing testimony that students in the upper grades of our high schools are eager to study and understand events of current history, that they are capable of selecting from newspapers and magazines those articles which have a bearing on any subject under discussion in class, and that they can, with a little guidance, do a piece of constructive work in the field of history. And, although the present events issue an unprecedented challenge to the teacher to reveal to his students the forces operating to make history, other events are continually being discussed in newspapers and magazines which issue a challenge less only in degree.

POISON GAS OR A LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

BY LUCIUS H. BEERS

IT has suddenly become necessary to discuss seriously the plan for a League for Peace, and to face what is involved if there is to be such a league, and what is involved if there is not to be one; that is, if each nation must go on relying only on itself for protection in time of war. The moral arguments in favor of such a league are familiar to most thoughtful people, and a number of analogies for it can be found in history. But one argument—perhaps the most practical and pressing of all—is little understood, and that grows out of the development of the art of war as the great war drew to its close. For military reasons some of the most important changes which have come in the art of war were kept from the public during war time so far as this could be done. But now that peace has come the people of the humane nations ought to be informed about these changes, for they must face what the changes involve for the future. These new features of war make some league for peace necessary, even if there were no other reasons for such a league.

When the Germans started to use poison gas and to use airplanes to bomb cities far back of the lines, the civilized world looked on with horror. But this horror did not stop the gas or the dropping of bombs, for it was part of the German military programme that their methods of fighting should be considered frightful. And when these methods had been pursued by the Germans for some time on a constantly increasing scale it was inevitable that the Allies should do as they did; that is, should make reprisals by sending bombing squadrons of airplanes over German territory and by using poison gas.

Then began one of the most intense competitions in the development of an art that history can show.

After the Germans had first surprised the Allied troops by using poison gas came the growth of gas fighting, for, since one side had used it so effectively, the other side could not afford not to retaliate. Much has been kept secret, but some of the details have leaked out. We know that methods of fighting on land, and even on sea, are fast changing to accommodate themselves to the use of gas, and that the varieties of gas and its various uses are making the art of torturing or poisoning by gas perhaps the most important part of modern military science. When the history of the German attack on the British right on March 21, 1918, is published, and when the extent of the preparations for gas fighting made by the United States are made public, and when we know what percentage of the casualties of 1918 were from gas, we shall realize better what gas fighting was coming to mean as the war drew to its close.

In the last months of the war there were rumors of the preparation of gases which might have to be used on the enemy—gases which would have exterminated all life. No doubt our enemies knew more or less about these preparations, and no doubt this knowledge had its bearing on the signing of the armistice. It was proper that in war time these plans should be kept as military secrets, but now the people of the humane nations ought at least to be informed about the power of indiscriminate destruction which the use of gas may involve. For these people must now decide on plans for dealing with war in future, and the sort of war which must now be reckoned with is quite a different thing from what it has been in the past.

Considering, then, the air fighting, we recall that as the war went on the use of airplanes for reconnaissance and the attendant air combats became only a part of the military air programme. Great bomb-carrying planes were devised, and efforts were made to standardize their parts so that they could be built in enormous numbers. And the size of the bombs grew as the carrying capacity of planes increased. How far these plans had been carried out has not yet been told, but enough has been told to indicate that if the war had lasted another year some—perhaps many—cities far back of the lines would have been reduced to heaps of ashes by the great bombing squadrons, and this would have been in addition to the bombing of hostile troops and their railways.

This would have involved the extermination of great numbers of the civil population. Soldiers can, to some extent, be protected from such attacks so long as they stay in properly prepared dugouts, but civilians in or near towns or factories can have no protection; and there has practically ceased to be anything that can be considered a front line so far as concerns the danger of death and the destruction of property, for any point within the reach of bombing squadrons where human beings or property are collected is subject to attack. It is also known now that ships have been built which can carry, and serve as landing-places for, large numbers of airplanes, so that a squadron of these plane-carrying ships can set up a hostile air base near the shore of any navigable water.

Happily, the war came to an end just before the curtain could rise on this last tragic scene—a scene which would have been not so much fighting as a contest in extermination. But this very deliverance involves the dangerous result that the great majority of us do not now realize what these modern methods of fighting from the air and fighting with gas mean, because the war ended just before the latest and deadliest plans could be carried out.

The reprisals, which we were forced to adopt, have reduced this part of the art of war to a black art; but they have become a method of modern war which cannot be ignored. In the course of the reprisals to meet these inhuman methods of the Germans it has been shown that a man can be put out of the fight by gas for a small fraction of the cost or risk involved in putting him out in any other way. And it was about to be shown that cities could be reduced to ash-heaps and cemeteries by a few hours' work of a few thousand men in bombing planes. And now, as we look ahead, no nation can dare to assume that these methods may not be used against it. They are too effective and too cheap and too easy to be ignored if they can be used by an unscrupulous or desperate nation, and there are only two ways to prevent their use. One of these ways is to form a League of Nations to stop their use, and the other is for every nation to prepare itself to meet them effectively on its own account.

There are problems enough to be met in forming a League for Peace, but these are often discussed as though there were no problems involved on the other side in case the war does not lead to a League for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peace. In all the large nations the question of what the military programme for the future shall be is a very practical one, and now it will not wait. As soon as peace is concluded some very pressing questions will arise in every war department. The questions will be: What next? Must the nation keep prepared to meet war as war was developed in the latter part of 1918?

We are come to the place in history where the road forks, and the humane nations must now take either one road or the other. They must combine to prevent these inhuman practices or must separately prepare to resist them.

What, then, is involved if each nation must in future protect itself against such methods of warfare? This is a hard question to answer, and the more we study the uses which the Germans made of gas and bombs and long-range cannon and submarines operating against merchant ships, the more we shall realize that in order to protect ourselves against these things we shall have to make radical changes on land and sea, and also in our education and ideas. For example, some of the most experienced officers in the air forces in France are now contending that it will not be safe to allow Germany to have any airplanes, because, if allowed at all, there will soon be thousands of them, and these in a few hours could be turned into bombers. What Germany could do any other nation could do, and the sea is no longer a protection against attack of this sort, because a plane-carrying fleet constitutes a moving base from which to conduct a campaign in the air. This means that practically every nation must be ready on very short notice to defend itself by means of greater fleets of fighting planes, anti-aircraft guns, and the like.

But what of the men and women and children who must live and work on the ground over which this deadly menace hangs? Can they safely live in towns which invite attack or safely build factories which are worth bombing? Most of the great industrial plants of the Nation produce articles which are required in time of war. Will it in the future be safe to build them near enough to the frontier or near enough to the sea to be reached by air attack? Is not a city located, for example, as New York is merely a hostage to fortune which must be defended by vast forces on the sea and in the air if it is to be kept from destruction by air attack operated from a base somewhere at sea?

The old conditions of war, when there were fighting men at the front and protected civilians in the rear, are gone. The front has become as wide a belt of territory as squadrons of bombing airplanes can cross, and within that belt there is no sure protection. Considering the distances that airplanes can go, this means that in countries of moderate size the whole country is exposed to attack. Children and women, homes, schools, hospitals, and factories, are all alike within reach of high explosives or incendiary bombs or of poison gas. War as waged in the closing months of 1918 has enlisted the whole strength of the fighting nations, and it was about to expose to death and destruction everybody and everything within reach of the longest-range weapons that were ever devised—the bombing-airplane squadrons.

It is not difficult to trace in history the important changes which have come when deadlier weapons for war have been adopted. But here is a change so revolutionary that history has no analogy for it. Any nation which can now possess itself of enough airplanes and can provide them with bombs of various sorts has a weapon which can strike far back in an enemy's territory, and if a sufficient force of planes is gathered they can annihilate what is beneath them. It is true that experience has shown that new offensive weapons call into being new methods of defense; but how can a nation protect itself thoroughly against such flying squadrons unless it devotes most of its energies and resources to the task?

This method of fighting with the whole strength of the nation, such as we have seen in the last phase of the war, is so effective from the military standpoint that it can only be met in the future by having the whole strength of the nation which may be attacked ready for defense. This means, not only available aviators and soldiers and sailors, with the endless varieties of modern war apparatus, but it means the constant maintenance of a transportation and industrial system that can at once be made available for war and is, so far as possible, protected from attack. If the Allied nations must each of them on its own account keep up such a system for self-defense, then some of those countries face bankruptcy. The fear of war will do them more financial injury than war itself has done.

And if every nation must depend on itself for protection, the mechanical preparations for war must at least include poison gas and the bombing plane. No nation can dare to ignore these weapons unless there is an effective international league which can actually prevent their use. It is futile to try to meet them by denouncing those who use them. No one can be disqualified under a rule and put out of the game unless there is a referee whose ruling can be enforced. And if the winning of this war does not lead to a League for Peace, then we must prepare for war on a scale and in a manner never thought of before.

And, back of mechanical preparations, there must be a new moral adjustment; that is, we must get our thinking and our doing down to a more effectively brutal basis. For example, skillful and kindly chemists must reconcile themselves to engage in researches having for their goal the finding of gases which will more effectively blind and strangle and burn. Stable explosives must be sought that will cause even more wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter than those now in use. And children must be educated so as to carry on such work, and their moral natures must be trained so as not to interfere with their success in these new fields of activity.

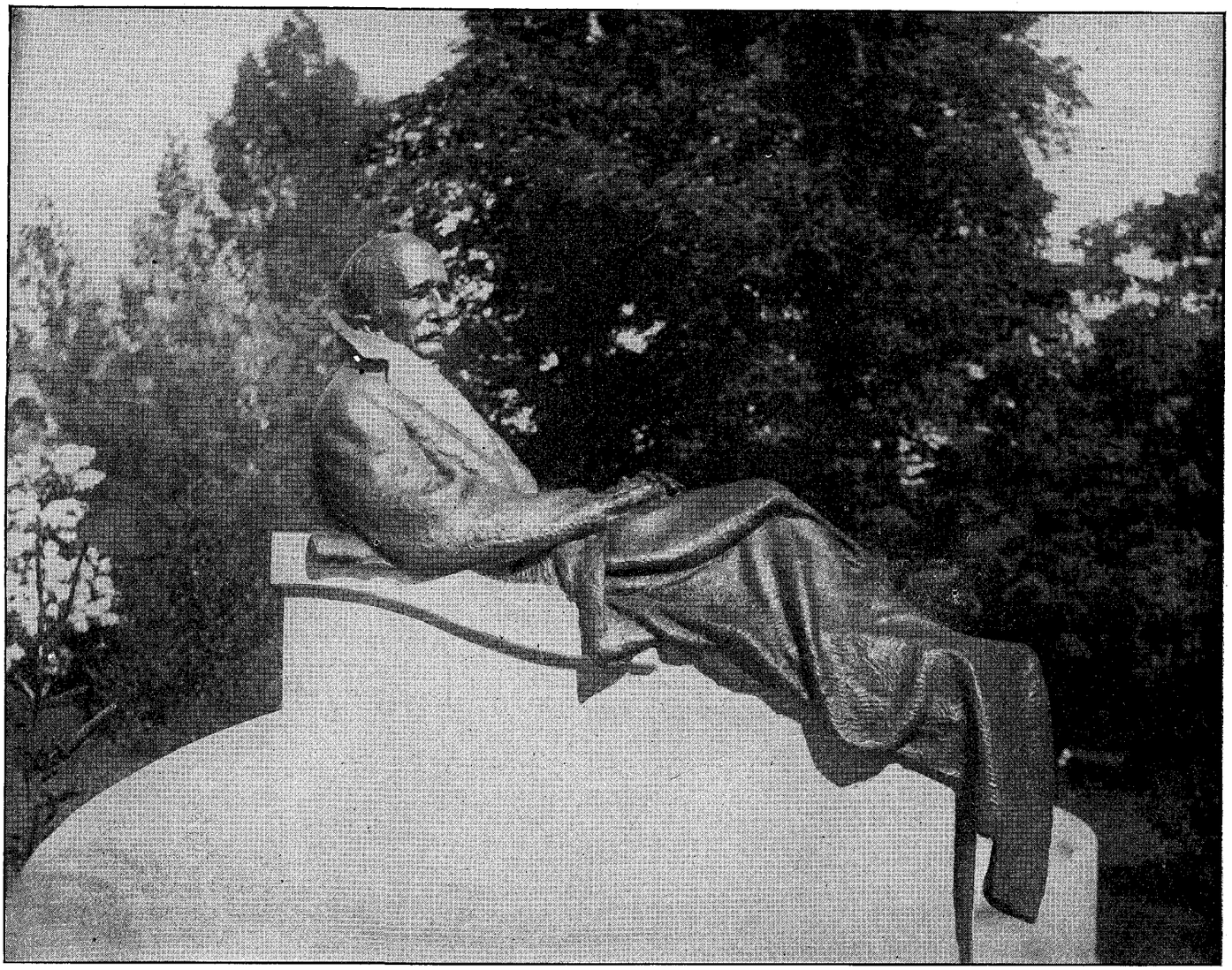
Under the experience of war we have grown accustomed to horrors; but if we now attempt to look forward deliberately to such preparations the mind and conscience of the humane nations will recoil. The art of war has overreached itself and has brought about a condition where a League of Nations is made necessary because—aside from other reasons—the humane nations cannot hold on to their moral ideas or their civilization if they must effectively protect themselves against war as now developed. Under the evil example of Germany, war has been degraded till it has become impossible for civilization to continue with warfare rampant. Most of us would be glad in the future to have our sons receive the military and physical training which our National Army has received, but who would want his son to become an expert in asphyxiation?

Some time ago it was said that war would not be tolerated if it broke as many dishes in aristocratic houses as it killed men at the front. Well, war has suddenly reached and passed the crockery-breaking stage. There are now few places in the world where any one's dishes or any one's life is safe if wars of the modern type must go on. And the mere force of moral opinion has not been very successful in preventing war. During the last twenty years the world has been at peace for only about half the time. There have in that period been seven wars. The time seems ripe for taking a radical step forward.

In facing this question—to have or not to have a League for Peace—most of us feel some reluctance about giving to an international body the power to tell us to do what we may not want to do. If we have a League for Peace, such clashings of opinion will probably be fewer and less important than is generally supposed, for the submission of opposing views to a common tribunal has almost always worked well, and has also tended to prevent conflicting interests. But, assuming that differences will arise between our National view and the view of an international body, if we have one, the logical method of treating this objection to a League for Peace is to weigh it against the advantages on the other side. Most of the established methods of government are not altogether good; but we value them because, after balancing the objections against the advantages, we find that the advantages have it. And it is only logical and usual to adopt the same balancing test here.

Improvements in communication have practically made the world much smaller than it used to be, and the power of the nations to help or hurt each other has been greatly increased. Shall we answer this question by adopting a plan by which we shall be entitled to the help of just such nations as we have been helping this last year, or shall we let the opportunity pass and give notice that we must defend ourselves with every weapon of frightfulness that science can invent?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GUTZON BORGLUM'S MEMORIAL STATUE OF DR. TRUDEAU

A MEMORIAL TO DR. TRUDEAU

BY SONIA URELES

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago Edward Livingston Trudeau was stricken with consumption. His physicians held out no hope to him. By nature a man of the woods and a huntsman, he turned instinctively to the mountains for peace and quiet until the inevitable end should come.

He bade his little family farewell, thinking never to see them again, and made his painful way high up into the Adirondack Mountains. There, as the world long has known, Edward Trudeau found, not death, but renewed life and fame and such love of his fellow-men as is given to few of us.

At Saranac Lake, the little village in the Adirondack Mountains of the State of New York, where he settled, young Trudeau discovered what air and sunshine and rest will do toward curing a tuberculous patient. His discovery revolutionized the medical world, and made possible the saving of thousands of persons stricken with the dread disease.

Then followed years when he was mocked by the medical profession and sneered at by the bigoted. Years of struggle they were, that took sublime courage to keep the spirit from swooning. Trudeau fought on, always hopeful, always cheerful and optimistic.

After bitter years of hardship and disappointment, Trudeau's Cottage Sanatorium was established. His genius was recognized. Saranac Lake, the home of one of America's greatest humanitarians, has since become known the world over. In this village five thousand tuberculous patients are housed to-day. Daily arrested cases of disease or complete cures are sent back to their folk at home, again to resume work in the world.

Since the establishment of the Trudeau Sanatorium three thousand men and women have been restored to health and their place in the world. Hundreds more, living in the village, are healed and taught that life is worth the living.

Three years ago Edward Livingston Trudeau died. The loss of him to patients and ex-patients of his was irreparable. They mourned in sincere grief, and sought somehow to honor his memory in a way that would live forever. A fund of nearly $4,000 was subscribed by them, and Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, was engaged to execute the bronze figure of the "Beloved Physician" which has just been unveiled.

On a quiet, sunny afternoon in August, 1918, fifteen hundred patients and ex-patients of the Sanatorium invited those who knew and loved him to gather at the unveiling of the memorial to Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau. Among those that gathered to pay tribute to this man were some of the most noted men and women of the age.

The memorial was erected on the grounds of the Sanatorium, facing a glorious view of mountain and forests. The figure is of bronze, with seats and base

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Tennessee marble. On the face of the pedestal one reads:

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU
Those Who Have Been Healed in This Place
Have Put This Monument Here
A Token of Their Gratitude
August 10, 1918

On the reverse of the pedestal is given a favorite quotation of Dr. Trudeau's:

"Guérir Quelquefois
Soulager Souvent
Consoler Toujours."

(To cure sometimes, to relieve often, to comfort always.)

The memorial services were very simple, sincere, and touching.

Dr. Edward R. Baldwin headed the Reception Committee. Introductory remarks were made by Dr. Walter B. James, of New York. Presentation of the statue by a former patient followed. The oration was by the Rev. Philemon F. Sturges, rector of Grace Church, Providence, Rhode Island. Dr. Francis B. Trudeau (only surviving son of Edward Trudeau, now a captain in the Medical Reserve Corps), unveiled the statue. Then followed the placing of wreaths on the memorial by a staff of nurses from the Sanatorium and the benediction by the Rev. William B. Lusk, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

A NEW MORAL FORCE

BY ASHLEY PIPER

A GROUP of clean, alert, khaki-clad lads, a tall weather-bronzed man with friendly eyes that looked as if they might twinkle boyishly upon occasions, but which just now were grave and encouraging as they rested upon the small boy who stood before them, straight as a soldier on parade, solemn as a newly appointed judge, a little scared, a little self-conscious, a little excited, a great deal proud and happy, as his shining eyes testified.

Slowly the small boy raised his right hand, palm front, thumb folded across to rest upon the nail of the little finger, the three other fingers held rigidly together, but trembling ever so little, for, after all, he was only one day over twelve years old, and this was the biggest moment of them all—the moment dreamed of, worked for, anticipated, for many a long month; the moment when by the formal commitment to the Scout oath he should become a Boy Scout of America, with all the delights and privileges thereof.

"On my honor—" there was a faint tremor in his voice, a droop to his lashes, due in part to nervous tension, but even more because the words he was about to speak came from so very deep, those unplumbed places which lie at the bottom of every boy's heart. He cleared his throat and began again, and this time his eyes met the Scout-master's unfalteringly, his voice rang out clear as a bell:

"On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

The gaze of the circled group of Scouts focused upon the speaker as he pronounced the simple, familiar words of the oath. There was no whispering, no grinning, no nudging of elbows or shoving of chairs. No knight of old was ever accorded more respectful attention. The oath was a sacred thing, and so felt by every boy in the room. Yesterday the twelve-year-old was just a boy. To-night he was a Scout, one of the great fellowship, and in their eyes and in his own there was all the difference in the world. And a new moral force was set free in the world.

The Boy Scout is a positive. He believes. He does. He radiates. He has set the Scout oath and law going inside him, and he can't stop. He doesn't preach; he doesn't know how. He doesn't change his language—very much. He keeps right on being a boy. But he has got the range on a big objective, and, consciously or unconsciously, his every act takes color from that objective. And as that is a very high moral goal, the Boy Scout is a new moral force affecting every one with whom he comes in contact.

Boys *used* to be the bane of firemen. In Meriden, Connecticut (and, for that matter, in a considerable number of other places), the Scouts have been organized as a fire patrol, with a system of mobilization, equipment, and certain legal rights, such as to commandeer men and teams and plows for forest-fighting, to enter property, cut trees, remove fences, and to do things like that in order to carry out their purpose. As a result, fires are now becoming known to boys as something to put out, something to fight, a challenge to their courage rather than a spectacle of delight.

Boyhood has always considered the streets as its property. A place to go to school on, play ball in, to spit on and litter up with cans and sticks and any old thing. But boyhood is beginning to look upon its property in a different light. The Scouts have set the pace in cleanliness and anti-destructiveness. Annually they conduct hundreds and hundreds of clean-up campaigns, delivering health department circulars to householders, inspecting and reporting upon every front and back yard, the condition of garbage cans, the appearance of the different streets, the number and condition and variety of trees, with other services that go to make their town clean and healthful and beautiful.

Great work this, friend citizen; has a hopeful look for the future, hasn't it?

The Scouting ideal of goodness is not negative, "sissified," smug, dour-visaged, of the "holier than thou" variety. On the contrary, it is positive, virile, modest, healthy, happy. Scouting serves the Lord with gladness; is practical applied "religion," as well as practical applied patriotism.

Every Scout is dedicated by his oath and law to love of God and country and to the service of man; to keep himself clean in body and mind and speech, loyal, gentle, fine-fibered, honorable. Like a knight, he is sworn to "reverence his conscience as his king," to be *helpful to all people at all times*. What more can we ask of, or for, our future citizens?

"To help all people at all times." Every Scout promises to do a good turn daily to some one. The time was when a boy could manage to get through the day without bothering his head about the troubles of those around him. A big basket of clothes for mother to carry down cellar was a big basket of clothes for mother to carry down cellar, and that was all there was to it. An old rheumatic lady around the corner who never could get out because nobody would wheel her around meant nothing in the boy's young life. He had no moral obligation to cure the ills of the world. But a record of the individual good turns that Scouts do in the course of a year to bring comfort and happiness to others would fill every line of this issue of The Outlook. Going out with the gang (that's the Scout patrol of eight) to cut up dead timber for kindling wood for the poor has become a commonplace. A poor widow's sidewalk deep with snow would be a disgrace in a Scout town. When a child gets lost, the natural thing is to mobilize Scouts for the search. A boy who once would have laughed until he almost split at the spectacle of some other boy's aunt stumbling on the street and spreading an armful of packages about now, as a Scout, puts any boy who is laughing to shame by the quickness with which he leaps to the rescue.

Things look bright for the race when boys are becoming kindly and helpful by nature. This daily good turn has led up to the many forms of organized civic service that Scouts render their towns as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE TAKES DOWN TREE SIGNS HE WIPES DIRT OFF HE STOPS ACCIDENTS

A SCOUT IS HELPFUL

troops. And it has gone still further into National service in a tremendous way; the three or four hundred thousand Boy Scouts of America having performed truly wonderful feats in support of the Government in the conduct of the war: Liberty Loan sales in the hundreds of millions; War Savings Stamps sold to a value much beyond $22,000,000, and the work still going on; over *a hundred carloads* of fruit pits collected; standing walnut equal to five thousand two hundred car-loads located; thirty million pieces of Government literature distributed; thousands of war gardens worked; instant response again and again and again to the call of the Red Cross and other big organizations serving the Government. Boyhood, feeling its responsibility in such ways, indeed has felt the impact of a new moral force.

We hear much of morale these days. It is morale that wins battles and saves nations. It is morale that makes men, the want of it that destroys them. The quality of the morale of the youth of to-day will determine the quality of the manhood of to-morrow. Scouting makes for morale among boys individually and collectively, lifts the character of their ambitions, gives them standards of right living, develops character, awakens social conscience.

Secretary Daniels declares: "I believe that we shall find evolving out of the Boy Scout movement a new generation of men, fit in mind, fit in body, and fit in moral fiber."

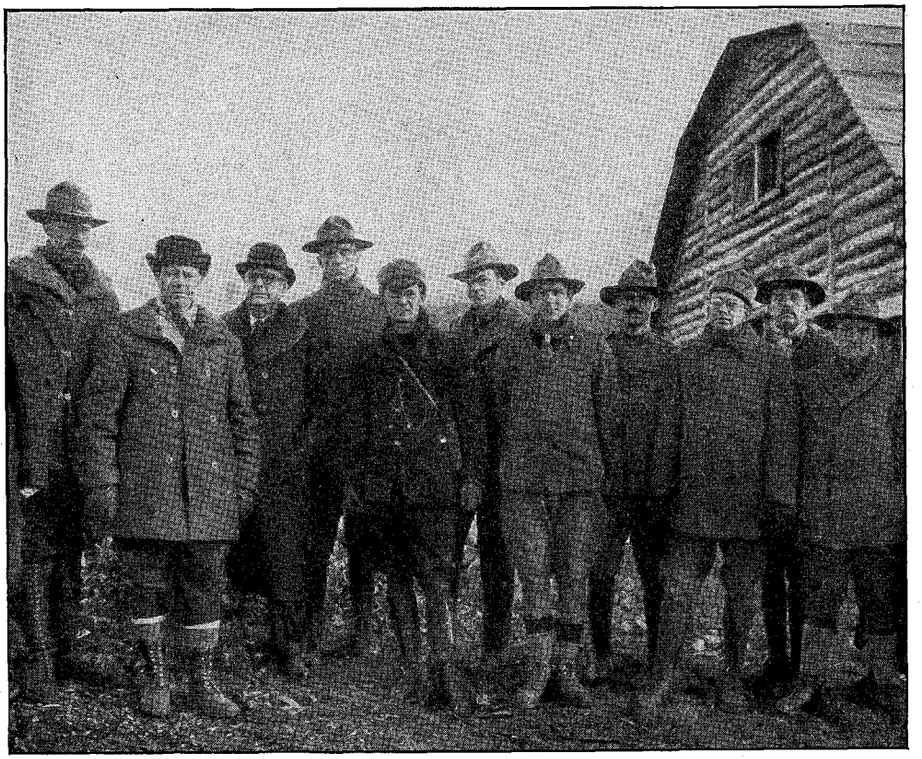
Scouting is not a reformatory institution. It exists primarily for normal boys. But it is an enormously effective instrument for straightening crooked sticks. In a certain reformatory which uses Scouting as a means of reclamation a juvenile offender who has developed into a First Class Scout—first class in every sense—recently declared that he liked being a Scout "'cause it gives a fellow a chance to learn something all the time and help the other fellow." He had caught the true spirit of Scouting, and practiced it in his daily life too, in spite of his unfortunate start, which goes to prove Scouting's contention that there are no bad boys—just wrongly directed boys.

In the great sea of moral forces that sweeps the world to-day no wave is of more significance to the life of our Nation than the Boy Scout movement, which offers youth a positive, vigorous, moral ideal and a moral impetus, the results of which are destined to be as splendid as they are incalculable.

At Carlisle, in his grandfather's church, President Wilson spoke recently of those "streams that fertilize the conscience of the world." It is not hard to have faith that whenever a Boy Scout takes the oath one of those fertilizing streams has been started on its resistless, far-reaching course.

Did you notice in the opening of this article the tall man with friendly eyes who stood in the picture? Well, he's the key to the situation. He doesn't have to be tall, of course, but he has to have friendly eyes that can twinkle or be grave as need be, and he ought to be an outdoor man, even though not yet "bronzed;" he must be able to stand the auger with which boys bore into a man's character and the gaff they sometimes put into his good nature, and he must want with all his might to set up inside the boys he knows this new moral force.

That is the kind of man of which Scoutmasters are made. It might not be going far afield to say that the future of this country rests in the hands of the Scoutmasters of the Boy Scouts of America. The Scout-master opens up the eyes of boys to Scouting. He encourages them to tackle the proposition. He leads them along the way. He encourages them when they stumble. He praises them when they do well. He loads them with tasks that challenge them. He tempts them on with the promises that Scouting makes, *and makes good* to the boy who stands, a little scared, a little excited, straight as a soldier on parade, proud, happy, his right hand raised, to say, "On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and to my country and to obey the Scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."



LEADERS OF BOY SCOUTS

The men who as Scout-masters or as executive workers make possible the success of the plan to make sound men and good citizens

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEFENDING LONDON AGAINST THE HUN

AN ARNOLD ADAIR STORY

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

This is the last and in some respects the most vivid of the series of Adventures of Arnold Adair which have been recorded in The Outlook during the past year. Although it is fiction founded on scientific fact, it is especially interesting as an illustration of what the war proved—that British and Yankee ingenuity, skill, and courage were superior to the much-vaunted, and at the beginning much-feared, "efficiency" of the Prussian militarists.—THE EDITORS.

ACROSS the moon a low cloud floated. I watched it a few moments, my compass close under my eyes in the dusk, until I was satisfied I could not be mistaken. Turning then to Colonel Hull, who was silently smoking his cigar and gazing past me at the menacing east, I broke the silence.

"Colonel Hull, the wind has certainly changed to the east in the last few minutes. Isn't that cloud approaching us?"

The colonel smoked placidly on. I grinned to myself as I watched him. One would hardly have suspected that this debonair dilettante had the safety of the largest city of the world intrusted to his care. Still more incongruous did his present nonchalance appear to me, knowing, as I did, that before midnight scores of the inoffensive dwellers in London would be hurried to hospitals, mangled and ruined for life by the merciless high explosives from Hun airplanes. Colonel Hull knew it too. We stood together on the listening-tower of Blackfriars, two forewarned individuals who might save the lives of many Londoners doomed to destruction could we but distinguish in advance who were these persons now marked by Fate. But no excitement or alarm ever appeared to trouble Colonel Hull's thoughts. Nothing more than a general warning could be given to London, and this had been attended to. Superb decision this young man had. His extravagant calmness made him a veritable tower of authority among even his critical countrymen.

"Right, old chap," finally agreed the colonel, unemotionally. "It's apt to do that every night after the sun goes down, Arnold. Doesn't shift very high up. The Huns have the right wind up aloft," he added, laconically.

I glanced at my watch. It was almost eleven o'clock.

It was my first night ashore. Before daybreak that morning I had begun pacing the slimy deck of the steamer as she lay in the channel a hundred yards off the docks of Liverpool. Compelled to await the arrival of the military officials before leaving the boat, I had breakfasted, repacked my bag, and stood first in line by the purser's table when the British inquisition as to why we came to Great Britain began.

My uniform and my papers passed me without delay, and I went ashore in the first launch from the ship's side. By eight o'clock a fast express train was leaving the eternal drizzle of Liverpool behind me. Shortly after lunch time I was vainly searching for a taxi about the environs of old Paddington Station, London.

After sprucing up a bit at my hotel, I set off to hunt up my friends. The April sun was hot, and after I had emerged from the tube at Waterloo and had walked a few squares to the Dalstrel House, where the officers of the Royal Flying Corps were quartered, I longed to dive over the edge of the embankment for a cooling plunge into the muddy Thames, which fronted the building.

Inside the vestibule of the old hotel sat the guardian factotum, surrounded by his watchful Bobbies and a still larger group of perspiring visitors. A flock of messenger girls in short brown uniforms scurried hither and thither from his desk, leading by a few paces the bewildered visitor who sought in this busy hive some administrative occupant of a distant cell. Every bedroom in this mammoth old hotel was now used as an office. This personal messenger service was necessary not only as a precaution against spies, but was the sole means of piloting a stranger through the labyrinth of passageways to the nook desired.

My French flying uniform drew a salute from the entire vestibule, and I had but to mention Colonel Hull's name when I received a slip of paper, which I passed to the girl who ran to meet me, and soon I was being towed through the corridors, up several flights of stairs, down long passages, and finally paused with my guide before a dingy room overlooking the river.

"Does the colonel expect you, sir?" inquired the girl, with businesslike suspicion.

"Don't believe he does," I admitted. "Show him my name, if you please, and I know he'll let me in," and I handed her my calling card.

"He's having tea, sir, and you will have to wait," my watchful guide informed me as she came out of the colonel's office. I gave your name to Captain Hodges. He says you can go in and wait there."

She held open the door for me and did not let me out of her sight until she saw the officer within get up to greet me.

"Ah! you are Lieutenant Adair?" inquired the robust young captain, with a glance at my shoulder bars. "I am Captain Hodges. Sit down a second, and I'll take your card in. The colonel is having tea."

Indeed, tea was being had throughout the Dalstrel House pretty generally, I had imagined, as I saw tray after tray slipping through the doorways I passed. Even the messenger girls were grouped together about large tables on each landing, consuming bread and butter and cups of steaming tea. War itself could not shake the ancient rights of Britain's five o'clock tea.

The captain returned to his cup instantly, but before sitting down he with some deference again addressed me:

"Go right in, lieutenant, if you please. The colonel says to come right in."

I entered the door indicated, and my old friend greeted me with his customary affectionate imperturbability. For half an hour we chatted over our tea and cigarettes, while callers waited outside. He quizzed me about my father in New York, America's recent entry into the war, our progress in America towards preparation, and finally my own adventures while flying in France.

Suddenly, as I was contemplating making my adieus, his door opened and Captain Hodges entered the room, bearing a sheet of paper in his hand. Colonel Hull eyed the missive coldly a moment, then tossed it upon his desk. Captain Hodges glanced with some apprehension at me, as though he wanted to say something but wasn't sure he ought to in my presence. I got to my feet and held out my hand.

"Well, I must be off, Colonel Hull," said I. "Look me up when you come to Paris."

"Nonsense! Sit down," replied my friend, gruffly. "You are going to dine with me to-night. What is it, captain? Out with it."

I tried to look interestedly around the room as the captain spoke, but his first words irresistibly brought back my attention:

"These are Gotha three-seater machines that are coming to-night, Colonel Hull. Our reports from the royal navy airdromes indicate that the Germans flew over a large number of Gothas this morning to Ostend."

"How many were seen?" demanded the colonel, crisply.

"'Quite a number' is the way the message was worded, sir. Stupid way to word it, of course," Captain Hodges added in some haste, to forestall the expected commentary from his superior.

"Right," responded his chief. "Have you notified the airdromes along the coast?"

"Yes, sir. Everybody has been notified, sir."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Searchlight stations? Police? Anti-aircraft batteries? Fire stations?"

"Yes, sir," the captain repeated. "All has been attended to."

"Well, have my Rolls-Royce at the west door at seven o'clock. I want you and Commander Ives to go with me. We'll dine at Blackfriars. Lieutenant Adair, of New York—been shooting Huns in France—old family friend of mine, Captain Hodges," finished the colonel with a belated, indifferent introduction in typical English fashion.

We advanced and shook hands, upon which Captain Hodges retired from the room.

"Awfully good of you to take me in on this, colonel," said I, gratefully. "But would you mind telling me what it is?"

"Night raid on London, we expect," returned the colonel. "The Huns have let us alone like a hot poker for the past three weeks—ever since I've been in charge of the Home Defense, in fact; but I thought they'd visit us to-night."

"Why so?" I inquired, interestedly.

"Everything's right for them," he replied. "They've rarely missed a chance since the first Zeppelin raids began to come across the Channel—though not always on London. But when weather conditions are right for them they come. To-night's raid will make the seventy-third since war began. The Huns must have certain assistance from on high—and we know what that is as well as they do," he went on with unsmiling calm. "They must have darkness—but not too dark. A regular half-moon night like this is ideal for their purpose. No fog to-night with this heat—so that just suits them. Wind from the west to take them home fast—they must have that, especially the Zeppelins.

"So, you see, we pretty well knew they'd be over to-night without this corroboration," he finished, fingering the sheet of paper on his desk before handing it to me.

I took it and read:

> Airplane raid threatened over England to-night. Hostile aircraft gathering at Ghistelles airdrome.
>
> X (Signed) 755.

"Who sends this?" I demanded, handing back the missive.

"My special service on the other side the Channel," answered my friend, smiling at me quizzically. "Any unusual centering of heavy airplanes or Zeppelins on this side of Belgium means only one thing in such weather as this. We sometimes get advance warning of airplane raids, but Zeppelins, of course, they don't bring down to the Channel until nightfall, so we have to guess when they are coming. At sixty miles an hour it takes a long time for a Zep. to get over London and return home before daylight. So they rarely reach us until after the theater crowd has gone to bed. We don't expect many more Zeppelin raids over London. They've lost too many. Big bomb-dropping planes do the stunt now. Their airplanes can get over here in about one hour after reaching their altitude over Ghistelles. It's hardly a hundred miles.

"If they leave Belgium at nine o'clock, say," the colonel continued, "they are not sighted on this side the Channel until 9:30, if at all. It's pure luck if our defending planes around London get a whack at them. Before we can get aloft the bombs have dropped into Piccadilly and the Huns have gone."

"But why?" I insisted. "If you send up scouting planes along the east coast of England, they ought to spot the raiders and signal down their approach immediately, and this warning could be telegraphed you. Why can't you keep patrols up to meet them?"

"Because, Arnold, the thoughtful Hun doesn't cross the Channel where our patrols expect him. He doesn't approach London twice from the same direction, nor at the same time, nor at the same altitude. You can't see far in the dark if you don't know which way to look, you know. You'd need a thousand defending planes to patrol every level around London all night long. And if you had them all patrolling London the Hun would go to the Midlands to drop his bombs just to spite you. That's just what Germany wants—to compel us to keep a thousand airplanes home from the front to defend London against ten or twelve of her bombing planes. I won't do it!"

"Well, how do you stop them?" I demanded.

"Wait and see," replied Colonel Hull, smiling.

I mused over this point of view while, waiting for seven o'clock to arrive, I sat looking over the river. This very minute probably the German mechanics were busy over in Ghistelles lifting into their machines heavy plummets of steel filled with high explosive. And some of those careless Londoners now sauntering along the Embankment idly watching the seagulls in the Thames—perhaps some of that very group now standing under my window—would be blown into eternity to-night by one of those wicked bombs. What a crime it all was!

London could no longer declare that she was an undefended city. Anti-aircraft guns encircled it. In fact, the honest-minded Londoner never did expect immunity from attack, being conscious of the adjacent Woolwich Arsenal and the existence of scores of busy factories where munitions of war were being manufactured. These attributes of war were fair targets of attack by enemy airmen, but these were the very objects that must be most carefully protected and concealed. Better by far to receive the ruinous shower of bombs in the residence district or in the business district; even the Houses of Parliament or the palaces of their Majesties themselves can be better lost to the nation in war time than any one of these munitions-producing factories can be spared.

Therefore street lamps remained unlighted everywhere in London, and within the houses no crack of light was permitted to escape the windows. One reprimand by the alert constable was enough. A second display of carelessness, and the offender was imprisoned or fined.

Even the warning lights on our automobile were wanting as we plunged through the falling dusk that evening, crossed the upper bridge at imminent peril to pedestrians, and bounded eastwards towards the level stretches of Blackfriars Heath.

We dined cheerfully together, we four, an occasional interruption appearing in the form of a message for Colonel Hull. Outside the tavern that sheltered us a Government dirigible balloon was quartered. Several of these silent monsters were floating above us as we had emerged from the narrow, tortuous streets of Clapham and gained the open country. Each crew of these lookout sentinels was provided with wireless equipment; copies of all important messages they sent were brought in to us by a bicycle orderly. These were read silently by Colonel Hull, who handed them in turn to Captain Hodges. Frequently the latter would write an entry in his book, but rarely was a comment made.

Our talk ran mostly to America and France, despite my repeated endeavors to learn more concerning the defenses of London. Commander Ives was a merry little chap, full of anecdotes and good stories. He was in command of one of the largest airdromes in England, at the mouth of the Thames, and his squadron had done brilliant service in previous Zeppelin raids. To-night they expected a busy time. On off days they exercised themselves with patrolling for submarines or floating mines, flying new sea planes over to British airdromes in Flanders, returning to their base in old worn-out machines or as irate passengers in a British trawler. Every month or two they were shifted to more exciting scenes in France.

Colonel Hull was just turned forty. His two companions, I judged, could neither have yet reached thirty. I had to keep constantly reminding myself I was the junior, and it required all my discretion to hold my patience and avoid the eager questions that were on my tongue.

Finally Colonel Hull emptied his third demi-tasse and rose to his feet. He turned around to the wall against which he had been sitting and reached for his cap and swagger stick. Above his head a large calendar hung. He eyed it thoughtfully.

"April 7, 1917," ejaculated the colonel, tapping the big black 7 with his stick. "If they give us half a chance to-night, we'll make this a Hun sackcloth-and-ash day for years to come.

"Get down to the telephone board, Hodges," he went on, directing that officer to his duty with a nod of farewell. "You can get me on the listening-tower any time you need me."

"You, Ives, see that my machine is tuned up, if you will, please, and—" he stopped and turned to me with a look of inquiry.

"Do you want to go up to-night, Arnold?" he asked with a slightly bored air.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Thank you, yes," I replied, not caring to betray more interest even to ascertain whether it were as a passenger or pilot I was intended to decorate a strange machine.

"Right. Have Jisgon tune up my two-seater Sopwith, if you please," Hull drawled. "Put plenty of the new shells in. And then you join us at the tower."

The commander saluted and disappeared.

"Ives has his Sopwith 'Camel' in the hangar here," volunteered the colonel to me. "He belongs at the Eastchurch 'drome, at the mouth of the Thames, but I've brought ten of his pilots, equipped with some new guns, over here on the edge of London to-night to get them in at close quarters on the Huns. Ives is a marvelous boy at night work."

"Do you get any results from your land guns against the raiding airplanes?" I asked.

"No, not a bit," he replied, testily. "They are a farce, as every airman knows. Even in daylight they are of doubtful value; at night they are useless. But we've got to use them to satisfy the public. Our falling shells kill more Londoners than the German bombs kill, but the survivors clamor for more guns, so we get 'em.

"Consider the wasteful expense," he went on with some heat. "Take the circumference around London, for instance. What do you think it is?"

"A hundred miles," I suggested, after a rapid calculation.

"It's more than that," Colonel Hull observed. "But call it an even hundred.

"Now, you've got to mount land guns, four in a group, every quarter mile around that circle in order to drop a decent barrage, haven't you? Take three-inch guns," he went on, without waiting for my answer. "A three-inch gun or the French '75s will send more hundredweights of shrapnel to explode in the sky than any other anti-aircraft gun can deliver there in the same space of time. Take an average cost of fifteen hundred guineas each—that's seven thousand five hundred dollars in your American money—for each gun and mount. Sixteen hundred guns in your circle; that makes twelve million dollars for your guns alone, not counting your buildings over them, the ground they occupy, the constant guarding and care of them, the pay of the ten or twenty thousand men who man them night and day. And what good are they? How many of them are used on a single occasion of an enemy raid?"

"About a hundred," I suggested.

"Well, let's see," replied the colonel, reflectively. "Suppose the Huns come across our circle at fifteen thousand feet altitude. Assume our searchlights pick them up at that altitude, which isn't likely in our usual atmosphere. Fifteen thousand feet is, roughly, three miles. The useful vertical range of these short-length anti-aircraft three-inch guns is not more than that. So we can use only the battery directly under the line of flight. But stretch it some. Say four-inch or five-inch guns are used. They cost more and are slower to fire, but they have a four-mile range. If the circumference of London is equipped with such guns, then we can use guns on just two miles, inclusive, of our circle at most—that's forty guns we use. So we must keep sixteen hundred guns ready night and day, all the year round, with twenty thousand men to care for them, and once a month we use forty of them. That's a fair indication of their inefficiency.

"Now, as for results," he went on, with ironic disgust tempering his voice. "We shoot up ten or eleven thousand shells over London weighing fifteen pounds each. We don't average one airplane per raid with all this shelling and barraging. And, mind you, all these eleven thousand shells must come down into the London populace. And, unfortunately, the human psychology of the Londoner always brings him out with his family where he can get a good unobstructed view of what's going on in these raids. In other words, the people won't scatter and hide in their cellars—they walk the streets. I do it myself. It's a human curiosity we've all got. So the falling shells, which are many hundred times as numerous as the German bombs, probably do many hundred times as much damage."

"But at the front—over the battle-lines—the anti-aircraft guns certainly keep the airplanes up at a good high altitude, and even then they occasionally bring one down," I argued, somewhat bewildered by my companion's logical condemnation of land guns *in toto*.

"Ah, yes. At the front you have no civilians' heads and rooftrees for the shells to fall on. And you have batteries of guns that can be used for other purposes as well as shooting at aircraft. That's two differences already.

"Now, you say guns at the front *compel* airplanes to keep at a high altitude. *Do* they?" The colonel looked at me searchingly until I was constrained to weaken a trifle.

"Of course," I admitted, "we do often fly low and risk the shells."

"And the lower you fly, the less risk you have from big guns—isn't that true?" he interrupted.

I considered this an instant.

"You must concede it," the colonel insisted. "If you fly at one hundred feet elevation, the big guns can't hurt you at all. Their shells cannot be timed to explode so quickly."

"Yes," I admitted again; "but how about machine guns and rifles against the low flier?"

"I am not talking about machine guns and rifles," Hull insisted. "I am arguing that anti-aircraft shells are almost ninety-nine per cent wasted against airplanes. If you will compute the number of shells fired at airplanes in relation to the number of airplanes they bring down, I am certain you will find that I am right.

"Listen to this," he went on, taking a note-book from his pocket and reading from a clipping. "Here is the official report for last month: 'Two hundred and ten German aircraft brought down on all fronts last month, of which eight were hit by land guns.' Now, there you are. That's an average report. Eight out of two hundred and ten is about four per cent of the total. Of course we don't know how many shells were fired at airplanes last month at the front, but it was probably several scores of thousands from thousands of guns. *And the cost of each one of these guns would buy an airplane a hundred times more effective than the gun is.*"

We left the tavern and crossed a quarter mile of smooth ground in the darkness. There was another question I desired Colonel Hull's opinion on, and I took this opportunity to present it.

"Are the Huns after revenge or do they really get any military results in bombing London?" I inquired.

The colonel seemed to be thinking this question over thoughtfully.

"Honestly, I don't know," he replied. "At first glance it would seem that if Germany can keep a hundred of our airplanes here all the time to guard against a dozen of their raiding machines, which come once a month or so, that is quite enough of a military advantage to justify it. Then, too, every raid does work up a certain amount of terror among the populace, and Fritz believes that helps along our desire for peace. He is quite wrong there. It helps along recruiting amazingly instead."

"Why don't you make reprisals on German towns?" I asked.

"We do. But the odds are all against us there. London is a far easier target to Germany than any German city is to us because we are only a hundred miles from their front, while the Rhine cities of any importance are two hundred miles from our front. Moreover, German bombers starting for London fly over their own territory in Belgium, then over the sea, and strike England without being attacked or even seen. Once on our east coast, they have the broad estuary of the Thames opening up the coast-line like a great semaphore to give them their exact position. They have the gleaming river under them in the starlight all the way up to London. Bridges, Parliament, all London, can be pretty definitely located, because of this beastly river.

"Our bombers," he went on, "have no such shining semaphores pointing to German cities in the dark. The minute we cross the trenches the alarm is given to all the rear country and the lights go out. Airdromes over which we fly send up patrols to get us on the way back. Our return trip is made through an aroused and waiting country, and we've got twice as far to go. Paris, for the same reason, gets far more immunity from these diabolical bombing parties than London does."

The colonel and I found ourselves confronted by a sentry standing at attention in front of a one-story building. We entered. Inside the structure I found one large square room brilliantly illumined with electric light, no gleam of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which was permitted to penetrate the heavy curtains which covered both windows and doors.

Several sets of wires dangled from the ceiling overhead and dropped down to a heavy table below, where they attached themselves to various odd sets of instruments and recorders, all in charge of a young operator, coatless, hatless, and masked with great horn spectacles, over which protruded a green-stained eyeshade.

"Evening, Tommy," Colonel Hull greeted the youngster, kindly. "Any messages from the Huns?"

"None yet, sir," smiled the lad. "Think probably it's only airplanes tonight, sir. No Zeppelins have been reported up yet from any station."

"Just as I thought," stated Colonel Hull to me, with something akin to disappointment in his voice. "We get nice and fixed for them, and they choose not to come. I've got a special preparation I wanted to try out on the gas-bags tonight. We'll have to initiate the Gothas instead."

"How do you know they won't come later, sir?" I inquired.

"Tommy, here, would have 'em located before now if any were in motion," responded the colonel. "It's after ten o'clock. Do you see this?" indicating with his stick a circular chart of wax slowly revolving on the table under a suspended pin which hung from a quivering diaphragm of black metal. "That's our new dictagraph. Every sound wave is caught, magnified many times, and registered in intensity and volume on this chart. You can tell from its indicator the difference between a Zeppelin propeller churning the air at two thousand revolutions per minute and the ordinary airplane propeller revolving at fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred turns even when both sounds come from twenty miles away. And we've got these recorders stationed at intervals all the way from here to the German lines. They notify us at the first indication of German activity."

"But," I interposed, "how do you tell from this instrument whether it is German or British propellers you hear revolving?"

"That's the appalling difficulty, my son," rejoined Colonel Hull. "You've hit the nail on the head. We can't tell definitely—we can only surmise. But it always gives us good clues.

"For instance," he continued, as Tommy suddenly bent his face with awakened attention down to his chart, "the Huns' raiding parties always come in large groups in rather close formation. Their heavy bomb-carrying airplanes are usually twin-engine machines. Eight or ten of them in the same place make quite a noise and register a very different note from the sound waves that come to us from our own little group of patrolling airplanes, whose individual machines are widely separated."

I nodded interestedly. Tommy was busily writing down messages.

"Of course we know just where our own machines are and how many of them are up and where they are going," my friend added, watching Tommy's active fingers as they rapidly adjusted a fresh chart. "Thus we are usually able to get an early warning of the approach of the raiders. But of course we can't determine their altitude nor their direction from this instrument.

"What have you got, Tommy?" he demanded, curtly.

"They're coming sir—No. 8 has just located them." Tommy pressed a button at the edge of the table, and a messenger appeared.

"Take these messages to Captain Hodges, on the jump," directed Tommy. The messenger vanished.

"Beastly luck, I call it!" muttered Colonel Hull, enigmatically to himself. Then crossing the room to the stairway, he turned and called to me.

"Want to go aloft a bit, leftenant? Come along, and we'll take a peep."

I followed after him up the short stairs. They emerged through a small entry onto the roof of the listening-tower. Overhead stretched the dim blur of a Marconi antenna. On the roof itself four huge inverted megaphones faced their open bell-shaped orifices outward towards each quarter of the compass. Through these instruments came the distant whispers which transmitted themselves many times magnified to the delicate recording discs below.

The night was clear and quiet. No breath of wind stirred the surface of the earth, though clouds on high could be seen drifting slowly in the moonlight.

The colonel looked silently away to the eastern heavens through his night glass. Here and there in the distance a shaft of light cut through the darkness. These came from the scattered searchlight stations and indicated a last testing and tuning up of the apparatus before the show began.

With my own glass I searched the opaque heavens. Stars were dully gleaming through the layers of hazy smoke which emanated from the panting city. Across the moon a low cloud floated westward. The wind was changing, and would retard the Huns on their homeward journey. I glanced at my watch. It was almost eleven o'clock.

"Do they try to reach London just in time to get the theater crowd on the streets?" I inquired, struck suddenly with the plausibility of the idea.

"Don't believe that interests them much," replied the colonel, honestly. "They have to come after dark to evade our patrols, and if they wait too late there's apt to be fog. So around midnight, naturally, is their favorite hour."

"How does London get a warning?"

"Tommy does it. Valuable boy, that. This whole apparatus is his invention. He has already notified Captain Hodges, who by this time has sent messages to all the police headquarters and to the warning stations. Those explosions we just heard were the signals to notify the citizens of London to take cover. At this moment motor cycles are speeding through every street in the city, blowing their sirens. After it's over the motor cycles go out again and signal, "All clear."

A dusky figure approached us through the darkness. As I turned to regard him the whole landscape behind him was suddenly illuminated by searchlights. The next instant several engines were started almost simultaneously and the roar of their exhaust filled the silent air with commotion. We were standing cheek by jowl with a flying field. It was like a bugle call to action, and I felt my blood tingle in my veins as I saw the ghost-gray biplanes sweep one by one down the searchlight beam and leap at a sudden steep angle from the smooth earth up into the darkness. Within a minute the lights were extinguished and the barking of the airplane engines began to grow fainter.

"Come along," directed Colonel Hull, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Tommy must have given them the word."

"Yes, sir, I came up to get you," interposed the new arrival on our roof, who now stood by our side, revealing to us the eager face of Commander Ives peering out of his flying helmet. "Your two-seater is all ready, colonel. Quite a big party of Huns are coming, Tommy announced. Have you any special orders, sir?"

"No, Peter. Remember to take a long range with those new shells. Don't fire under a hundred yards—that's all."

A few minutes later I was strapping myself in the deep front seat of the colonel's machine. He sat behind me, buckling up the wristbands of his heavy gloves. A speaking-tube was fastened between us. Behind the colonel's seat a Lewis gun was mounted on a swivel hoop, which covered not only the rear of the machine but could be aimed either side as far as the projecting edges of the wings permitted. In fact, the only "blind spot" at the rear of the Sopwith was directly under its tail. An enemy airplane attacking us from under our tail would be immune from any *riposte* by us.

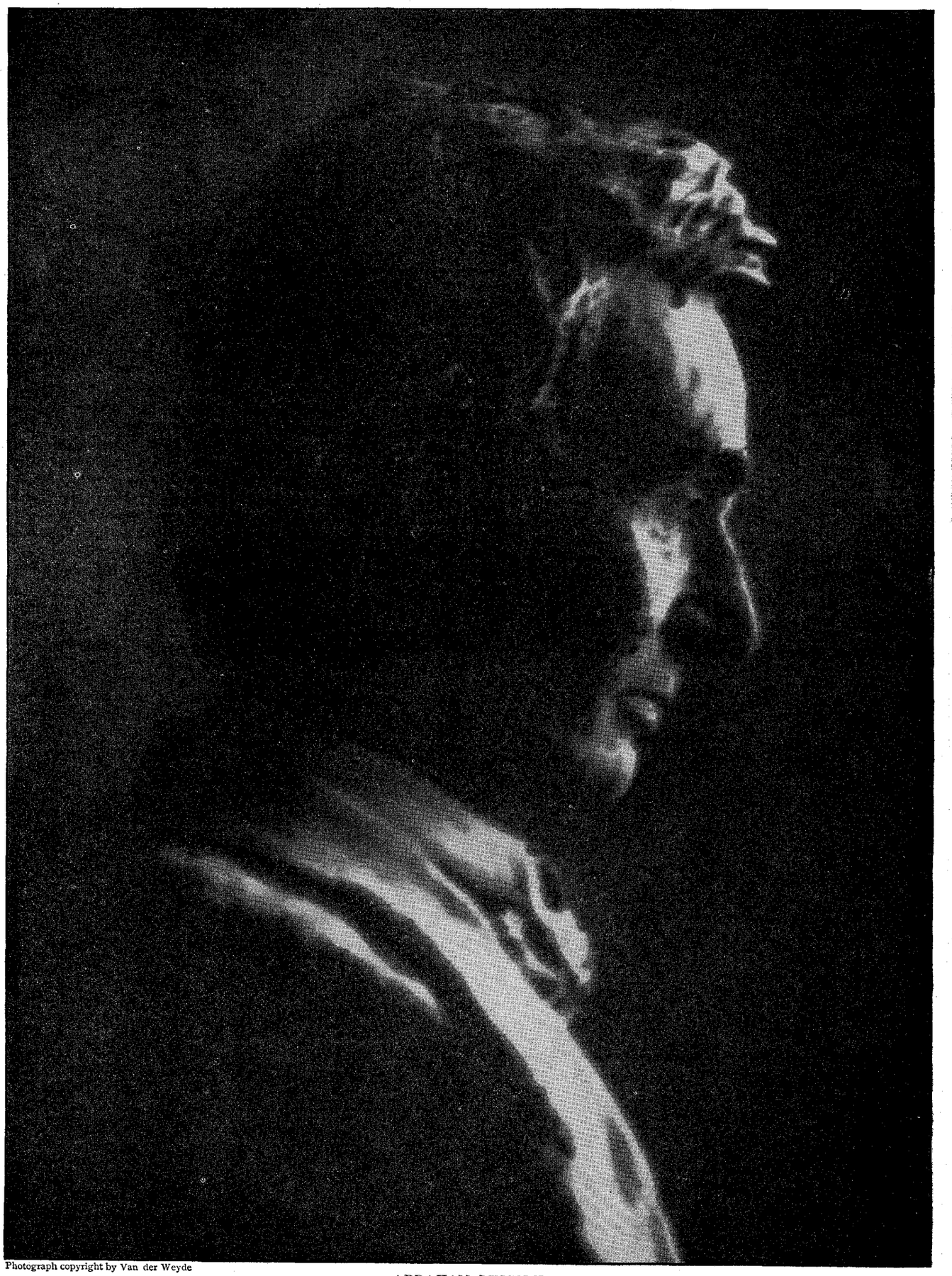
The forward gun was an automatic one-pounder. It was cleverly built in with the engine, and its 37-millimeter barrel extended half-way through the hollow propeller shaft of the engine itself. The one-pound shells were discharged through the very center of the propeller's hub, which was left hollow for this purpose.

The feeding mechanism and a detachable basket to catch the empty cases as they were ejected from the right-hand side were the only parts of the gun visible to me. These I could easily reach by slightly bending forward my body.

A sliding base guarded by a strip of metal on either side ran back to within six inches of my seat. This evidently was the length of the recoil of the gun after each shot. It appeared to be some seven or eight inches long.

At my left knee the ammunition rack held ten clips of one-pounder shells—five shells in each clip. This clip could be introduced into its feeding slot over the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photograph copyright by Van der Weyde

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

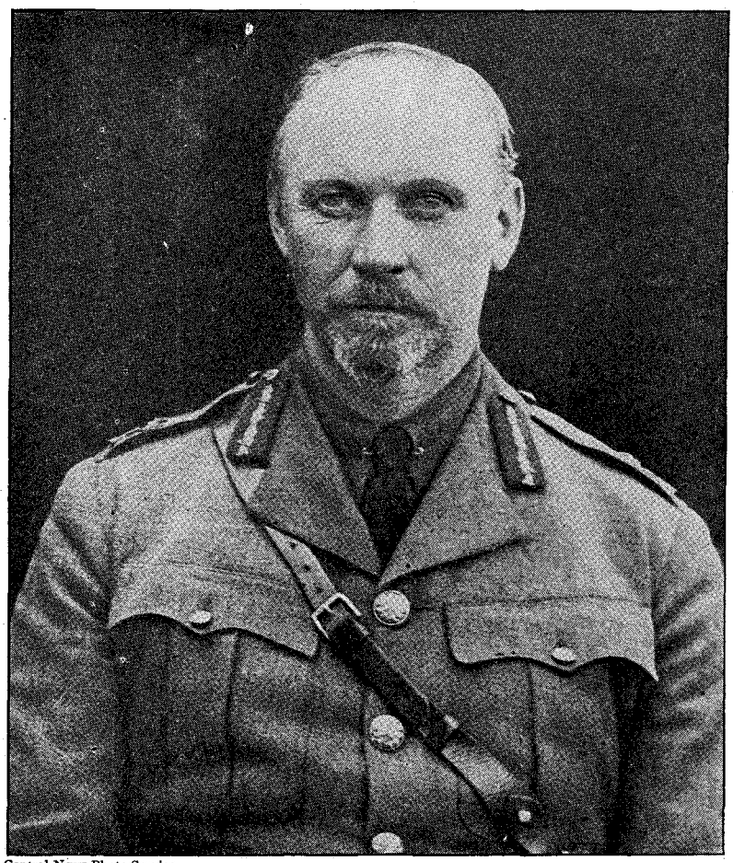
This photograph by Van der Weyde is a notable example of the art of photography. The bust of Lincoln by Louis Mayer attracted attention and admiration when it was exhibited before the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia. It is in exact life size. The sculptor has succeeded admirably in avoiding artificial poise and in combining truthfulness with spiritual and human meaning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C) International Film Service

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

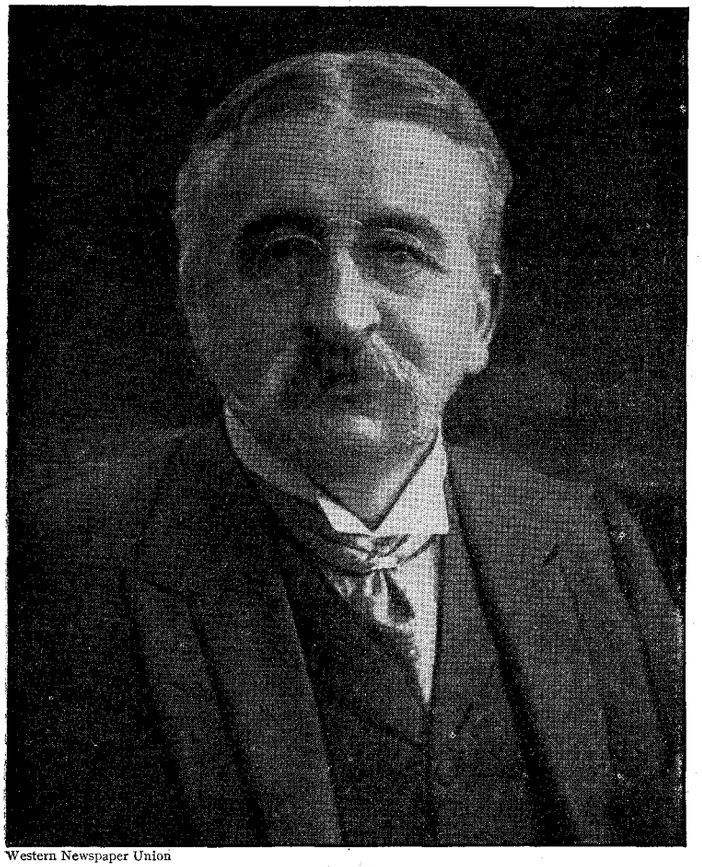
This interesting portrait of the sturdy revolutionist who has cheerfully borne suffering and exile for her love of the Russian people represents her as she alighted from the train on her recent arrival in New York. We speak of her recent history and her personality on another page



Central News Photo Service

A GREAT PRO-BRITISH, PRO-ALLY BOER GENERAL

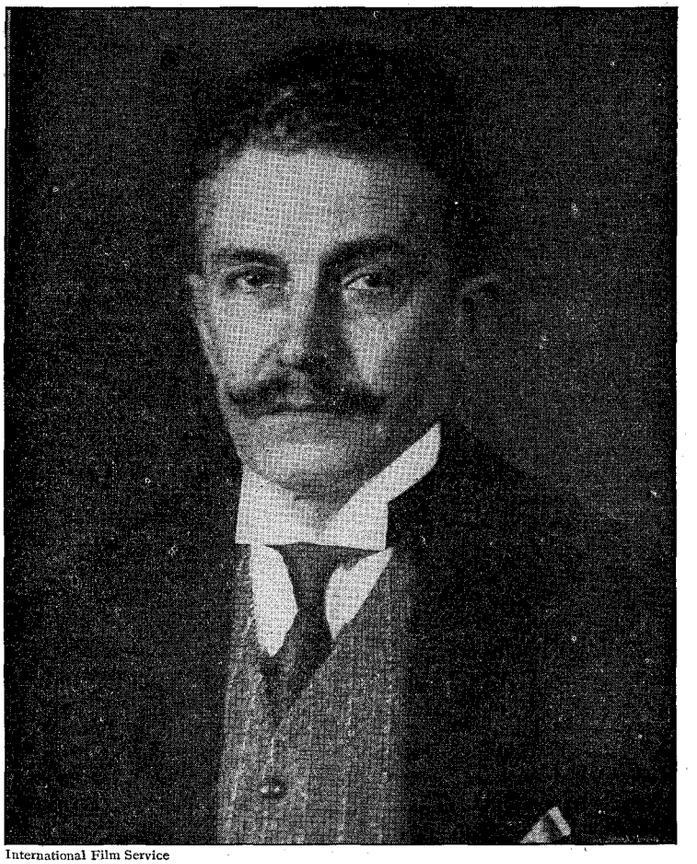
General Jan Christian Smuts has become a man of international importance. He fought as forcefully for British and world progress in the world war as he did for Boer independence years ago. He has only lately resigned as a member of the British War Cabinet. His League of Peace plan has been of value



Western Newspaper Union

THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER

Stephen Pichon has been one of the foremost figures in the discussion of questions coming before the Peace Conference. He has strenuously opposed recognition of the Bolsheviki, and even any diplomatic dealings with them

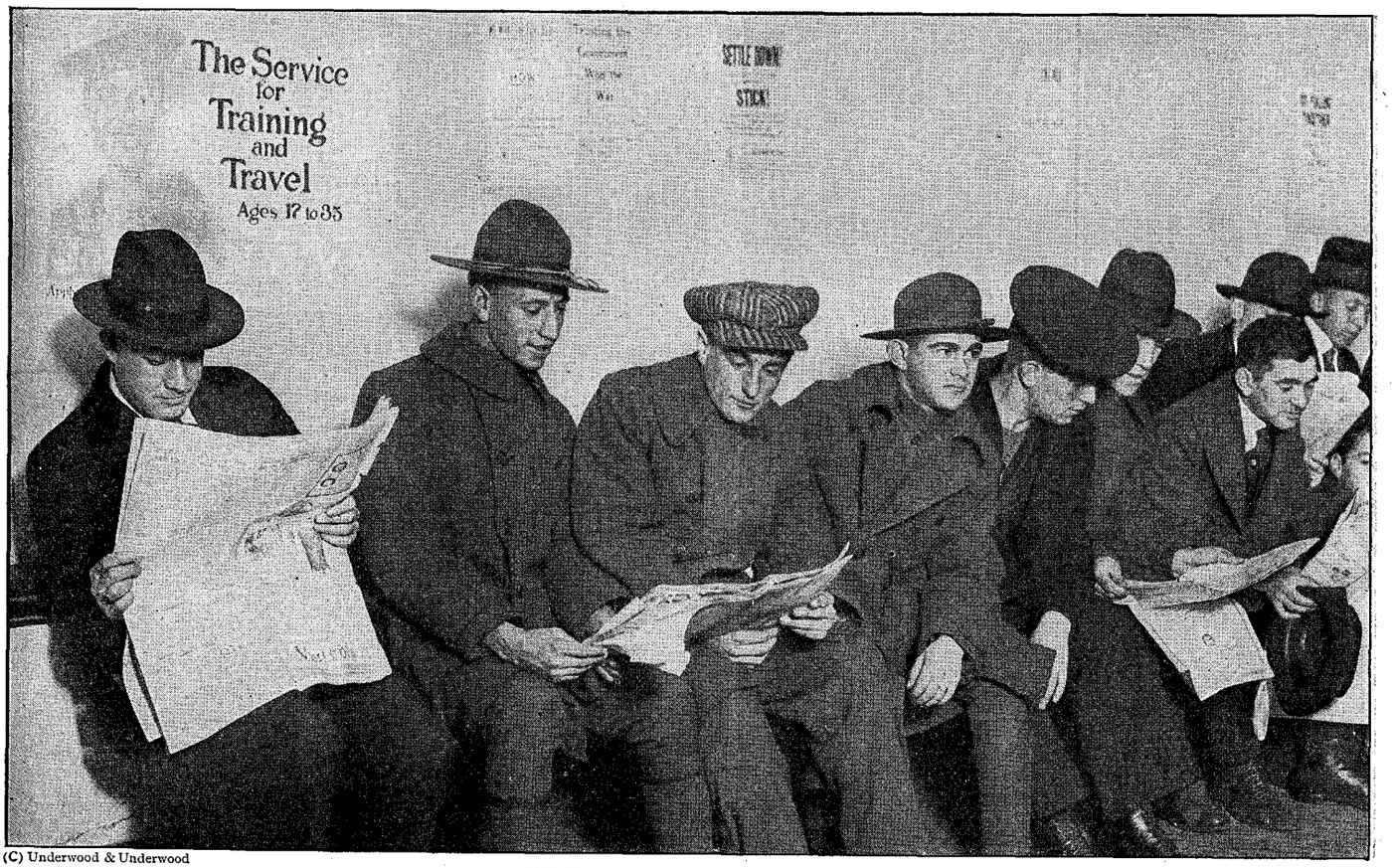


International Film Service

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY

This is the only satisfactory portrait we have seen of the man whose frank disclosures as to the German acts which brought on the war created an international sensation. He was German Ambassador to Great Britain just before the war

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(C) Underwood & Underwood

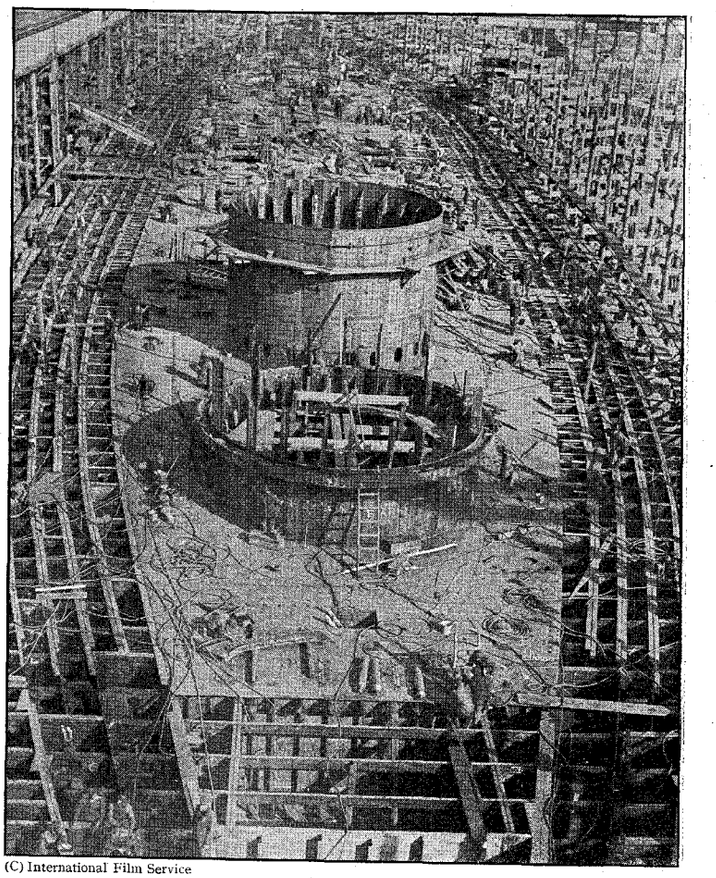
UNCLE SAM'S LABOR BUREAU

The United States itself proposes to help returned soldiers to find their right places in the industrial world. This picture shows the waiting-room of the United States Employment Bureau in New York City. Such bureaus exist in all large cities, and together they form the largest employment agency in the world

(C) Underwood & Underwood

A FIELD OF GANNETS

This vast mass of sea-birds shows what the protection of birds by government regulation can do. The scene is on the west coast of Africa, and these are only a few of the millions of gannets in the protected area. The gannet is a variety of the solan goose



(C) International Film Service

AMERICA'S GREATEST WARSHIP

The American battleship Maryland is said to be the biggest superdreadnought now under construction in the world. Some two thousand men are at work on her at Newport News, Virginia. She will burn oil and her immense engines will be electrically driven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chamber of the gun with one motion of the left hand. A lanyard string was attached to the steering-bar, or "joy-stick," on a level with my chest. The sights through which one aimed were on top of the engine hood along the center, and the end-point slightly glowed in the darkness in the middle of its phosphorous ring.

The colonel, snapping on his self-starter, got us neatly away, and we had no sooner left the ground than all the 'drome lights were again extinguished. We were not expecting to do any fighting, to my genuine disappointment; but were simply to scout about a bit at a low elevation to witness both the offensive and defensive possibilities in such a midnight expedition against old London. No chance at all of our getting up to fifteen thousand feet in this two-seater, and the enemy would doubtless come in that high. Ives and his single-seaters would have it all to themselves to-night.

The propeller revolving at thirteen hundred revolutions per minute, we were moving northward and climbing at something near ninety miles per hour. Soon the placid Thames lay exposed in the starlight, and the colonel circled and steered our course down its winding path. As we glided smoothly on I distinguished bridge after bridge across the narrow ribbon of dusky silver, and knew we were over the very heart of London itself, although not a light could be discerned in the blackness below.

Our altitude was just above five thousand feet, and I wondered momentarily why the noise of our engine did not awaken the inquisitive searchlight operators who I knew must be below us. But the flat silent world beneath us slept unsuspiciously on. Evidently they could distinguish the sound of our lone motor from the tempestuous roar of the enemy. We soon passed above the last smudge of a bridge and left London behind us.

Turning now my attention to the path ahead, I saw a distant glow of yellow searchlights against the eastern sky. There must be our enemies. The stations on the coast had picked them up. Forty miles away they soared and swept with powerful strokes the star-lit sky. Occasional star shells could now be seen glowing from this distance like falling stars.

On and on we swung. The excitement of the coming chase had gripped my heart despite me. I seized the tube between my two hands, and shrieked back to the colonel, without turning my head:

"Old Sopwith is pulling strong. Let's try to get a Hun."

"Load her up," the colonel's calm voice replied in my ear. "Not much chance, but we'll get prepared."

I bent forward and examined the clip of shells. A sheltered light shone down upon the instruments in my cockpit and on the breech of the gun below. I slipped back the breech and inserted one shell. The rest of the clipful I fitted into the feeding slot.

Suddenly, directly under us, a broad light flashed. Another and another swept across the sky and quickly focused our plane. Leaning over the edge, I looked into a blazing furnace of light. All else was shut out by the blinding glare. No Hun could see river nor city so long as such lights blinded him. As I watched I saw the colonel stretch his hand over the side and let go two smoke balls from his Verey pistol. It was a signal which evidently satisfied them, for one by one the lights abandoned us and cut the sky ahead in broadening wedges.

Twice in the next ten minutes our passports were similarly demanded. Fully a score of sweeping lights I counted as I turned my head from side to side.

Glancing at the inclinometer, I found we were on a steep upward climb. Seven thousand feet the altimeter indicated. Bully boy! The colonel was going up to take a hand, after all. Still no noise reached us through the steady roar of our engine. The coast lights were drawing near. All had ceased their wandering and were steadily leveled towards one point in the sky. The Gothas were on their way.

At a command from the colonel, behind me, I kept my eyes fastened on the lower skies as we flew along. He would look after the upper heavens.

So long as the searchlights blinded their eyes the enemy pilots must steer their course only by compass. No tell-tale glimpse of the Thames could be caught against that glare.

And so long as our British defending planes kept below the Huns we were comparatively safe from their scrutiny, while their shining wings would be clearly revealed to us by the searching lights from below. I felt the Sopwith bank over.

"Now, Arnold, old son, let's see if the Yankees can shoot," shouted the colonel's voice through the tube at my ear. "Take long range."

I glanced quickly ahead. Up and down the river Thames, behind us as well as ahead, the searchlights' yellow shafts were concentrated just over our heads and were moving in marvelous unison steadily westward towards the city. In the center of their expansive focus winged a broad flotilla of gigantic airplanes. In >-shaped formation they roared majestically onwards, the leader several hundreds of feet higher than the rear, which tapered down steeply to almost our level. Instead of coming in at fifteen thousand feet, they were scarcely half that. We were overtaking them swiftly. The lighter Sopwith, with its lighter load, could overhaul them with ease.

Seizing the control stick joyously, I began to experiment with its manipulation when a peremptory voice in my ear bawled out a warning.

"Drop that and look smart to your gun! I'll do the sighting. We'll get only one chance—so make sure. Now, fire!" he commanded.

Without hesitation I pulled the string and held it taut. The big gun between my feet spoke sonorously, and in startled fascination I watched it recoil swiftly to my very seat and immediately leap forward again and disappear. Five times in five seconds she repeated the maneuver, and then remained silent. I looked ahead as I replaced a full clip.

A curious lot of fireworks were playing about the last Gotha machine on our line. A series of brilliant explosions were popping out all over our target. As I looked, a huge burst of flame shot backwards towards us, and the monster craft began to lose headway and sink. From under the tail of the next Gotha above our victim a living stream of sparks was issuing forth in our direction. It was a machine gun aimed down on us from a hitherto unheard of position. A new trick the Boches had saved for these huge machines! They carried a gunner to ride in the tail to guard that point from attack!

Instantaneously with the collapse of our victim I felt our Sopwith nose down. In steep, swift spirals the colonel sped her down, and as I looked back I saw the lighted heavens above thickly spotted with exploding bursts of shell. We had dropped down just in time to avoid the bombardment from our own batteries.

Much as the colonel despised shells, he did not appear anxious to linger among them, I said to myself. But as soon as we landed I found an inordinate curiosity possessed the incommunicative colonel as to the effect of our shots upon the fallen machine. He became almost excited in his haste to find the wreck. But we made fully an hour's search before we found the crumpled remains of our prize. To my great satisfaction, as well as surprise, Colonel Hull was quite as eager to continue the search in the darkness as was I. Finally we located by telephone the scene of the wreck and hurried thither, enthusiastically accompanied by half the population of the little village of Gravesend, where we had landed.

The raid upon London was evidently over. Before we had been twenty minutes on the ground the retiring Gothas were being pursued eastwards some distance below us by searchlights, bursting shells, and British scouts. Two more flaming planes descended as we gazed, but whether of friend or enemy we could make no calculation. That disclosure must wait for the morrow, together with the question of the damage London had sustained.

Leaving our prize with its three charred bodies under charge of two policemen, the colonel and I caught a midnight train for London. Our landing in the darkness outside Gravesend had smashed the undercarriage of our own machine, and the gallant Sopwith required expert repairing before she could again leave the ground. But the colonel was jubilant as we stretched out in a vacant third-class compartment and lighted our cigarettes.

"Arnold, old son," he declared with more animation than I dreamed he possessed, "we've scored a wonderful hit. Do you know what turned this trick to-night?"

"Yankee shooting," I replied, thoughtfully.

"Yankee fiddlesticks!" he retorted, with true British obduracy. "You

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't have missed them with one of those shells if you had tried! And one hit would have sufficed. Do you know what set the Hun afire?"

I shook my head lazily, but his answer woke me up.

"Phosphorous powder. It will consume anything it touches. These new shells split longitudinally when fired, and the segments are connected by thirty inches of wire. The rotary motion as the shell leaves the gun whirls them apart so that they have a diameter of thirty inches instead of one inch. They can't miss! Upon impact with the slightest substance these segments explode and send out burning phosphorous powder. You saw the result on that wreck.

"I knew they'd finish a Zeppelin, but their action against airplane fabric was uncertain," he concluded, "until to-night. What do you think of British inventions now, old Yank?"

"I think, old dear," I replied, impudently, "that a Yank with such a catapult would have bagged that whole circus to-night."

A MAN IN A DICTIONARY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

IT is well in this stormy world to have some little harbors of retreat. Often it is necessary to sail back a century or two to reach them. One is shy of offering these private havens to others, but after an afternoon with certain fat folios little demanded at the library it is hard not to recommend to one's fellow-men the refreshment to be had by cruising to and fro with Samuel Johnson through his Dictionary. A page of his preface, and one has arrived snugly at the eighteenth century, that time of pleasant littleness when the world was England, and England was London, and London a clubful of little great men.

Johnson's Dictionary is no dull reading, whatever Becky Sharp may have thought to the contrary. From Plan and Preface straight on through the unwieldy volumes down to Z, one finds a delightful sense of the romance of words. They take life and march and move briskly under the vivacious symbolism employed in the pages of the Introduction. One looks for nothing dead or dusty in a dictionary whose maker sneers at low terms as "the spawn of folly or affectation," who looks askance at "the immigrants who change their manners when they change their country," and has but a qualified welcome for the new terms of art and science, "for some of them are naturalized and incorporated, but others still continue aliens, and are rather auxiliaries than subjects." The dullest etymologist could not fail to be fired by the tramp and surge of battle suggested by Johnson's imagery when he writes: "When I survey the plan . . . I cannot but confess that I am frighted at its extent, and, like the soldiers of Cæsar, look at Britain as a new world, which it is almost madness to invade. But I hope that though I should not compleat the conquest I shall at least discover the coast, civilize part of the inhabitants and make it easy for some other adventurer to proceed farther, to reduce them wholly to subjugation and settle them under laws." Poetry and patriotism are enshrined in that small paragraph, for Dictionary Johnson was a patriot and a poet.

We of a different day in scholarship may have at least the good manners not to smile at Johnson's regard for his own laboriousness, nor yet at the perilous superficiality of eighteenth-century research, for it is not the scholarship but the man himself that makes the scholar. Many a plodding etymologist of to-day might envy the ease of Johnson's "perhaps" or "I suppose." There would be something racily audacious in that modern lexicographer who would dare to define "Isabella color" as "a kind of color," a definition commendably stimulating to the reader's curiosity; or to dismiss marigold thus casually, "A yellow flower devoted, I suppose, to the Virgin." Enviable days when a scholar was big enough to be ignorant of his own specialty!

In that primrose period of dictionary-making an etymologist might freely assert his personal point of view. Doubtless Johnson's subtlety saw the relation between a baby and a blanket, but our feebler insight is not quite convinced by the derivation of brat, "a child, so called in contempt. It's etymology is uncertain. Bratt in Saxon signifies a blanket, from which perhaps the modern signification may have come." *Giggle* is defined in a manner both restrained and caustic, "to grin with merry levity. It is still retained in Scotland." And equally reminiscent of personal prejudice is "scelerat," a word "introduced unnecessarily from the French by a Scotch author." Every Johnsonian rejoices in the vehemence with which a dunce is chastised as "a dullard, a dolt, a thickskull, a stupid, indocile animal." It was Johnson the man and Johnson the scholar who could phrase in such nice antithesis the meaning *tawdry:* "splendid without cost; fine without grace; shewy without elegance." The burly honesty of Johnson thunders through the analysis of compliment as "an act or expression of civility, usually understood to include some hypocrisy or to mean less than it discloses."

Preface, plan, definition, and derivation constantly lay bare the sturdy fiber of moral purpose that runs through all the book. It was a time when the scholar might turn preacher and the preacher might turn scholar at any moment, and neither recognized any incongruity about the "swift counterchange." It was partly the eighteenth-century conscience and partly the Johnsonian conscience that could appreciate so nicely the moral responsibility of a dictionary as to be studiously circumspect in the mere selection of citations, for he "would not send people to look for words in a book that by such a casual seizure of the mind might chance to mislead it forever." In this matter of quotation Johnson apologizes for the admission of some favorite name, and the frequent appearance of Goldsmith and Garrick in the dictionary would, without other evidence, indicate the place of those two men in the big doctor's big heart. Among all the quoted a very prince for sensationalism is one "Wiseman, on Surgery." One's eye goes traveling down the columns to find and follow that vigorous practitioner to his blood-curdling clinics. The most unsuspected words reveal some scene of bone-setting or blood-letting that chills the stomach, as witness the following item, supplied by a word seemingly so unprovocative to fancy as "bedpost:" "I came prepared the next day and placed her in a clear light, her head leaning to a bedpost, another standing behind holding it steady," and then what happened? and what had happened before? and for what did Wiseman come prepared? We shall never know. But Johnson had Wiseman's book before him, and he knew the end of every story; is there a hint of sly teasing that he cuts us off thus mischievously in the very midst?

The reader who journeys the long pages of Johnson's folios may ever at the most unexpected spots meet the revelation of Johnson's irrepressible if sometimes elephantine sense of fun. One does not grudge to Dictionary Johnson any facetiousness that may have spiced for him his monumental labor, for if sometimes he laughed, also, and often, he prayed. Prayer was such a common custom in those days that they prayed even over making a dictionary, and without the slightest apology either to the Almighty or to the public for so doing. At one time Johnson could write in ironic humor,

> "The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
> Doomed to write lexicons in endless woe,"

and again, with equal genuineness, pray: "Giver of all knowledge, enable me so to pursue the study of tongues that I may promote thy glory and my own salvation."

Surely every one who has ever found an afternoon's cozy harborage in Johnson's Dictionary must come back to the present with regret that the world has grown so big that a man can never again put himself into a dictionary.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of February 5, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Bolsheviki—and the Powers; Their First Council in America; Should We Confer with Them? A Poll of International Opinion of; Struggle of Russian Democracy with.

Reference: Pages 205, 211–212, 215–219.

Questions:

Note—Not less than two lessons should be devoted to this topic. 1. Explain why America is at war with the Bolsheviki. 2. Some say that every American soldier should now be withdrawn from Russia and Europe and brought home. Give, with reasons, your opinion of this proposition. 3. Do you agree with The Outlook in the opinion that the *prime duty* of the Peace Conference is to stop these "little wars"? Have not the factions of any revolutionary country the right to fight each other as long as they please? Discuss. 4. Real Bolshevists are here in America. Would it be undemocratic to restrict them in whatever they may say and write? Reasons. 5. Make clear the difference between freedom and license; between labor-unionism, Bolshevism, and Socialism. 6. Discuss to what extent Bolshevism is likely to make inroads in the United States and England. Is any country Bolshevik proof? Tell why or why not. 7. From what is said on pages 215 and 216 make a separate digest of what each nation thinks about the Bolsheviki and President Wilson's resolution. 8. Discuss the significance of the German opinion of Bolshevism and compare it with ex-President Taft's opinion. 9. What does The Outlook think of President Wilson's proposal (pages 211, 212)? Give Mr. Wilson's reasons for his position. 10. Do you think President Wilson too idealistic and visionary to be practicable? Give proof of your opinion. 11. The Outlook believes that danger and disaster would come from an official recognition of Trotsky and his gang. Discuss whether this is a reasonable conclusion. 12. Give the substance of the article by George Kennan in ten sentences. Tell what you think of this article and why. 13. Make several comparisons between Bolshevism and democracy. 14. Read "The Eclipse of Russia," by E. J. Dillon (Doran)—a very valuable book.

B. Topic: The German National Assembly; What the Germans Think and Say.

Reference: Pages 205, 222–224.

Questions:

1. The German National Assembly is about to frame a national Constitution for Germany. Give the substance of a dozen or so of the articles you think it would be well for the German representatives to include in their Constitution. 2. The Outlook does not suspect that it will, but it wishes that the German Assembly would recognize Germany's past crimes. What would be the value of this? To whom? Could the foundations of a new and better Germany be laid if they fail to act on The Outlook's suggestion? Reasons. 3. What comparisons does Mr. Mason make between Germany and Russia? 4. Mr. Mason wants the Germans fed, and he thinks it a problem for the Allies to solve. What are his reasons? 5. Discuss whether it would be better to starve all the Germans to death and thus call their debt to the world settled. 6. Which would you rather see—a united German Republic or Germany broken up into several small republics? Reasons. 7. Interpret Mr. Mason's last sentence. 8. David Jayne Hill's new book, "Impressions of the Kaiser" (Harpers), is a volume all Americans should read.

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Reconstruction of the Man.

Reference: Pages 224, 225.

Questions:

1. Tell what you have learned from Mr. Camp's article. 2. Give reasons why America should do all she can for the kind of men Mr. Camp writes about. 3. He believes that there is something in man that is beyond and superior to any machines, inventions, or devices. What, in your opinion, is it? Discuss at length what this signifies. 4. Write several hundred words on the topic: Qualified Physical Experts and the Future of Humanity. 5. Read "The Disabled Soldier," by D. C. McMurtrie (Macmillan).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. What is right in one country may be entirely wrong in another. 2. All news is colored. 3. Every foreign office should be responsible to the people's representatives.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for February 5, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Provisional Government, adjudication, bacilli (205); menace (211); law, expediency (212); academic policy, Soviet (215); impeccable, foci, righteousness (216); apathetic, dissemination, pussyfoot (222); empirical, sedentary.

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

All's well —"Yale" is on guard

THOSE near and dear — are they protected in your absence? Can they snap out the lights, certain of their security? Easy in mind, with no thought of the *creaks* and *whispers* of a house asleep? Will they have the *confidence* that results from the use of Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware?

Your plans for that cozy home provide for comfort and convenience. Add to these that comforting sense of security and freedom from intrusion by providing for Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware.

You will stimulate a taste for better things with "Yale." In your home you will carry on the influences with which you want to surround yourself and family. For Yale hardware is correct in design, proportion and finish.

All this and a *restful security* will be yours when you install Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware.

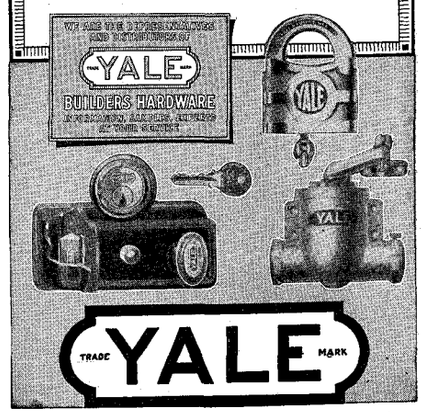
Look for the Yale trade-mark on the product.

The same trade-mark guarantees Yale Night Latches, Yale Padlocks, Yale Door Closers, Yale Cabinet Locks, Yale Bank Locks and Yale Chain Blocks.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.,
9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street,
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

Look for the dealer who has this sign in his window when you want Yale Builders' Hardware



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forward—into the wonderful future!

IMAGINE an America with no light to switch on, no telephone at its elbow, no street car at the corner!

American vision, backed by invested capital, has brought these everyday miracles into your life.

Their development, halted by war, again has right of way.

America will now leap forward. The public as bondholders will again finance our public utilities, those great quickeners of American spirit.

A public utility is a public necessity. The soundness of your public utility bond is permanently rooted in expanding public need.

You will find a National City Company Correspondent Office in 33 of the leading cities of the country. Each of these offices is equipped to render unusual service to investors generally, and to bond buyers in particular.

BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
ACCEPTANCES

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

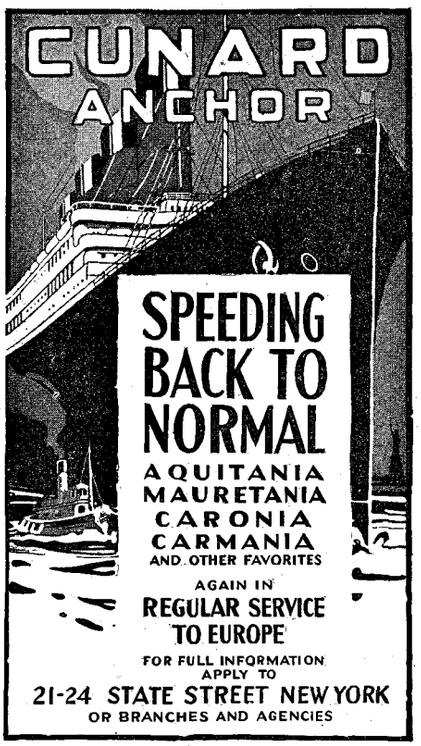
A father's pledge to his son:

IN this "Fathers and Sons Week" I pledge myself to you, my son, that I shall not forget you in my devotion to business, that I shall interest myself more than before in the things that interest you, that I shall be in truth your best chum; that, as such, I shall seek in every way to bring joy into your life and shield you from false friends who bring but sorrow; that in their place I shall strive to bring you new friends, true friends; that I shall, in particular, and right NOW, bring into our home a friend that will bring you, on each visit, *the entertainment you are entitled to, the information you should have and the inspiration you need*—this dependable, clean friend of half a million other boys, The American Boy magazine. I want you to grow up knowing what these other boys know in this world's reconstruction period—these other boys who are finding out in this magazine, in their spare time as boys, things of importance which they never will have time to find out when they become men and are rushed with their work, as Dad is now.

Subscribed to this day by Dad

The American Boy costs only $2.00 a year (though the material it contains would fill twenty-five average books). Order it now for your son, or for some other boy you want to help. Single copies can be bought at stands for 20c.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., 316 American Building, Detroit, Mich.



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Quickly Relieve Coughing, Hoarseness, Sore Throat

For seventy years these tablets have been faithfully serving speakers, lecturers, vocalists and thousands of others, in quickly easing sore throat, hacking cough, loss of voice, bronchial and asthmatic troubles prevalent in winter.

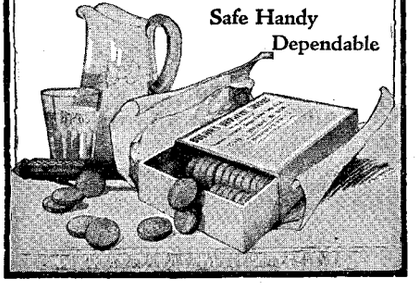
Not a confection, but a genuine remedy. Contain no opiates or other harmful ingredients, hence are especially safe for children. A small piece relieves a sore throat.

Four sizes, 15c, 35c, 75c & $1.25. At all druggists.

John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

Agents for Continent of America:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York—Toronto

Safe Handy Dependable



THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Buck. By Charles D. Stewart. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.60.

Mr. Stewart will be remembered as the author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," a story which won the praise of discriminating readers of fiction some years ago by its firmness and originality. Here he tells of a go-ahead cheerful Western chap who takes hold of things with vim, has adventures which are amazing as well as amusing, and in the end makes himself felt as a member of the community.

Common Cause. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.60.

In this story Mr. Adams returns to a subject which he has already treated cleverly in another novel—that is, the struggle of an honest, conscientious young newspaper man against the insidious influence of men and parties who try to use his newspaper for partisan or corrupt purposes and against the pressure of advertisers who are accustomed to demand "reading notices" or to influence editorial opinion by their purchase of space, and, finally, in this case, against subtle and dangerous German propaganda. Mr. Adams is a trained newspaper man, "knows the game," as the phrase goes, and has himself fought against injurious newspaper practices. Apart from this element, "Common Cause" is a lively and interesting novel, and includes a charming love story.

David and Jonathan. By E. Temple Thurston G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Thurston shows his fineness of touch by treating an old fiction theme in a new manner. Stories of men and women shipwrecked together on desert islands have been common enough from Charles Reade's "Foul Play" to this time. But here the real interest is not so much in the adventures that befell the two men, both gentlemen of culture and feeling, and the attractive young woman here thrown together; the interest is rather in the psychology of the jealousy which inevitably arose between the men, and of the way in which it was checked and fought by their sense of right and the influence of their true friendship for one another. In every way the book is an admirable piece of work.

Man Nobody Knew (The). By Holworthy Hall. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

A pleasant and readable but not excessively important novel, which is correctly described as "not a war story, but an after-the-war story." The hero enlists in the Foreign Legion, is wounded, returns home, but conceals his identity and spreads the rumor that he is dead. His new life furnishes complications which Mr. Hall knows how to employ cleverly for the entertainment of the reader.

Tin Cowrie Dass. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

A tale of India which seizes the reader's attention on the first page and holds it to the very end. Not since Kipling's earlier tales of India has a short story in this field shown stronger workmanship. Its incidents are exciting and the manner of their narration is tense and fascinating.

Web (The). By Frederic Arnold Kummer. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

A capital plot story based, it is said, on actual work carried out by the Secret Ser-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books (Continued)

vice authorities of Great Britain. We do not understand this to mean that the thrilling incidents described actually took place, but that legitimate fictitious use has been made of the story of the destruction of the German fleet off the coast of South America.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Abraham Lincoln as a Man of Letters. By Luther Emerson Robinson, A.M. The Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago. $1.50.

Articles have been written (one appeared in this journal some years ago) on Lincoln as a writer and master of English. So far as we know, this is the first book to study Lincoln in the capacity of a man of letters. The study is interesting and the analysis closely reasoned and convincing.

Self and Self-Management. By Arnold Bennett. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

Mr. Bennett's book production is something astonishing. Almost at the same moment we have an enormous novel from his pen, "The Roll-Call," and this little book, which is a collection of social treatises that Mr. Bennett in a sub-title calls "Essays About Existing." The talks are acute and original both in substance and expression.

WAR BOOKS

British Navy in Battle (The). By Arthur H. Pollen. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.50.

Mr. Pollen has long been recognized as perhaps England's best expert writer of naval affairs. In this book he tells of the marvelous skill and foresight with which Great Britain's naval force was used to sweep Germany from the sea and to hold her navy penned up where it did her no good.

Great Peace (The). By H. H. Powers. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

Mr. Powers's previous volumes, "America Among the Nations" and "The Things Men Fight For," give us a prejudice in favor of this volume on the conditions on which a world peace must be based. The prejudice is justified by a study of its pages. His book is one which cannot be ignored by any student of the problems of peace now undergoing discussion, not only at the Peace Conference, but in all thoughtful and free communities. It is of special value as an antidote to that dilettante radicalism which imagines that great world problems can be settled offhand by the enunciation of glittering generalities. For example:

> How inadequate the proposal that the disposition of Alsace-Lorraine should be determined by a plebiscite! . . . There could be no greater travesty of justice than to settle these far-reaching questions of human destiny by reference to the transient sentiment of a single generation of distracted border peasantry.

This instance illustrates a fundamental principle which our author thus states:

> To destroy militarism, to make the world safe for democracy, to secure the right of self-determination for all peoples, these are legitimate formulas for ideals, but it is clear that if these ends are to be furthered by treaty these propositions must be translated into concrete terms, territorial, economic, and commercial.

This process of translation into concrete terms is the task to which our author addresses himself. With the result which he reaches as to America's duty we are in hearty accord—namely, that the League of Nations should be built about the already existing league of Great Britain, America, France, and, we should add, Italy.

1919 ATLAS WITH LATE WAR MAPS FREE

To the readers of *The Outlook* who *take advantage of this offer* now made in connection with

Webster's New International

THE ONLY GRAND PRIZE

(Highest Award) given to **dictionaries** at the **Panama-Pacific International Exposition** was granted to **Webster's New International** and the **Merriam Series** for **superiority of educational merit.**

WORDS OF RECENT INTEREST

Anzac, ace, barrage, Bertha, blighty, Boche. Bolsheviki, camouflage, Lewis gun, Liberty bond, Sammy, soviet, tank, war bride. These are but a few of the thousands of late words—all clearly defined in this great work.

"The Supreme Authority" **The *Merriam* Webster**

A Complete Reference Library in Dictionary Form—with nearly 3,000 pages and type matter equivalent to a **15-Volume Encyclopedia,** all in a **single volume,** in Rich, Full Red Leather, or Library Buckram Bindings, can now be secured on the following remarkably easy terms:

THE ENTIRE WORK WITH 1919 ATLAS

DELIVERED *for* $1.00

and easy payments thereafter of only a few cents a week (in the U. S. and Canada)

ON SUPERIOR INDIA PAPER

Reduced About One-Half In Thickness and Weight

India-Paper Edition

Printed on **thin, opaque, strong,** superior India paper. This edition is only about **one-half** the thickness and weight of the regular edition. Size 12⅝ in. x 9¾ in. x 2¾ in. **Weight** 8⅝ lbs.

Regular Paper Edition

Printed on strong book paper of the highest quality. Size 12⅝ in. x 9¾ in. x 5¼ in. Weight 15¼ lbs. **Both editions are printed from the same plates and indexed.**

Over 400,000 Vocabulary Terms, and in addition **12,000 Biographical Names,** nearly **30,000 Geographical Subjects,** besides thousands of other references. Nearly **3,000 pages. Over 6,000 illustrations.**

The only dictionary with the New Divided Page, characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

"To have this work in the home is like sending the whole family to college."

The ATLAS is the 1919 "New Reference Atlas of the World," containing nearly 200 pages, with 128 pages of maps beautifully printed in colors with marginal reference indexes, late Census Figures, Parcel-Post Guide, Late War Maps, etc., all handsomely bound in red cloth, size 10¾ x 13⅝.

To those who mail this coupon at once

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Home Office Dept. S. Springfield, Mass.
(Publishers of Genuine Webster Dictionaries for over 70 years)

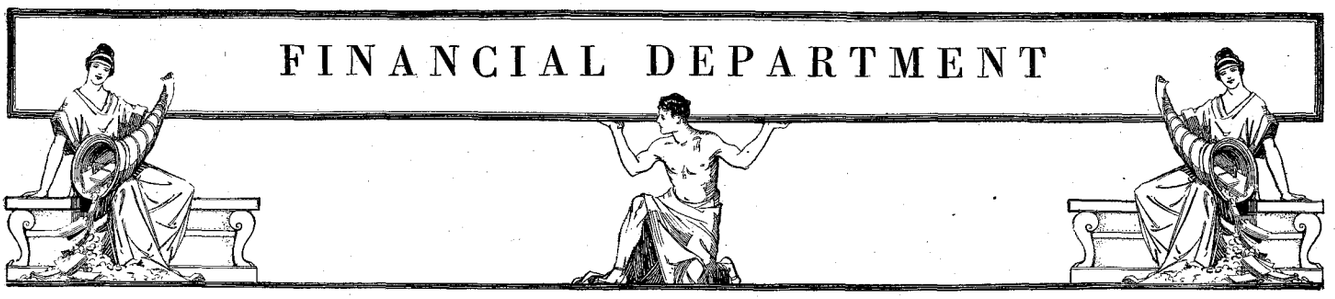
Please send me free of all obligation or expense a copy of "Dictionary Wrinkles" containing an amusing "Test in Pronunciation" (with key) entitled "The Americanization of Carver;" also "125 Interesting Questions" with references to their answers, and striking "Facsimile Color-Plate" of the new bindings. Please include specimen pages of India and Regular paper with terms of your Outlook free Atlas offer on Webster's New International Dictionary.

Name _____

Address _____

SIXTY-EIGHT DEGREES
The accepted temperature for greatest comfort and highest efficiency in home, office, factory and school room. Sudden variations from this temperature lead to discomfort and many times serious results.
Tycos Thermometers
conveniently hung in the different rooms will help you in guarding against unhealthful temperatures.
Tycos is the sterling mark on thermometers and your protection.
Your dealer will gladly tell you more about Tycos products.
Tycos
THERMOMETERS
Tycos
Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester, N.Y.
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE SELECTION OF A BANKER

OFTENTIMES, with hesitation and perplexity, the unskilled investor attempts to choose from a random house a random bond. Without definite aim or deliberate purpose, he trusts to an undetermined probability that all may be well and that the bond may serve his purpose.

How shall a man who has been thrifty in accumulating a sufficiency of capital and has attained a knowledge of the first important principles of investment determine upon a banking connection which will best aid him in making the wisest selection of securities which are suitable for him to own? That is the problem that confronts many of us to-day.

Let us examine the rôle played by the investment banker. He is an intermediary, having the interest of the financing corporation at heart as well as that of the purchaser. He must be an "umpire" and decide what is fair all around; but his first concern should be for the small investor, who looks up to him as his legal counselor as well as his financial adviser.

We are seeking a banker who will consult and advise with us; one who will consider it to his advantage to cultivate and educate a small investor in the hope and belief that he may become in time a client well worth while. We are seeking, not only a dependable depository for funds awaiting investment, not only a house that is able to offer banking facilities in varying form, but a banker who is not too much of a great machine to take a personal interest in our problems, however insignificant they may appear to him; one who will endeavor to understand and appreciate to the full our particular investment needs.

We may realize that the business pace is fast, that the selling instinct may be de-

LIBERTY LOANS—A COMPARISON

	FIRST LIBERTY LOAN Maturity 1932-47 Rate 3½%	SECOND LIBERTY LOAN Maturity 1927-42 Rate 4%	THIRD LIBERTY LOAN Maturity 1928 Rate 4¼%	FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN Maturity 1933-38 Rate 4¼%
Amount subscribed.....	$2,000,000,000	$4,617,532,300	$4,176,516,850	$6,989,047,000
Number of subscribers	4,500,000	9,600,000	Over 17,000,000	Over 21,000,000
Closing price January 24...	98.80 bid	93.30 bid	95.48 bid	94.58 bid
New York Stock Exchange	98.98 offered	93.50 offered	95.50 offered	94.60 offered
Approximate yield.....	If redeemed 1932 3.60%	If redeemed 1927 4.93%	4.83%	If redeemed 1933 4.77%
Tax exemption..	Both principal and interest exempt from all taxation, except estate or inheritance taxes.	Both principal and interest exempt from normal income tax and all Federal, State, or local taxes, but subject to supernormal income tax, excess profits and war profits taxes. Interest on these bonds not exceeding $5,000 exempt from all taxation except inheritance tax. Investment of undistributed net income of a corporation in these bonds frees it from 10% tax of Federal income tax.	Same as Second Liberty Loan. *Also* Acceptable in payment of Federal inheritance taxes at par and interest if held by testator continuously for six months prior to death.	As to interest: exempt except (*a*) as to estate or inheritance taxes; (*b*) as to surtaxes, excess profits and war profits taxes—that is, they are exempt from normal tax. However, income from $5,000 exempt from surtaxes, excess profits and war profit taxes as well as *from normal tax*. For two years after end of war $30,000 by subscription or bought in open market may be held free of surtax, excess profits and war profit taxes. *Also* Acceptable in payment of Federal inheritance taxes at par and int. if held by testator con. 6 mos. prior to death.

In addition to the above the following converted issues are outstanding:

First Liberty 4s, obtained by converting First Liberty Loan 3½s into 4s due 1932-47.

First Liberty 4¼s, obtained by converting First Liberty Loan 3½s or First Liberty 4s into 4¼s due 1932-1947.

Second Liberty 4¼s, obtained by converting Second Liberty 4s into 4¼s due 1927-42.

First Liberty 2d converted 4¼s, obtained by converting First Liberty Loan 3½s into 4¼s under the privileges of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

When a bond of any issue is converted into a subsequent issue, the taxable features and conversion privileges which attached to the original issue are then canceled and the taxable and convertible features of the new bond become effective.

The First 3½s is the only issue now having a convertible privilege.

SAFE

Present and future soundness make Iowa First Farm Mortgages and First Farm Mortgage Bonds the ideal security at a time when industrial investments are subject to extraordinary fluctuations.

Send for "Iowa Investments" 1522

BANKERS MORTGAGE COMPANY
DES MOINES, IOWA

Capital $2,000,000 *"Sound as the State"*

Chicago Office, 208 S. La Salle St.

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES

Patriotic and Profitable Investment
Back up the business of agriculture. Farmers are today needful of financial aid, and an investment in our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds is truly patriotic as well as profitable. Send for Pamphlet "S" and current offerings. Amounts to suit.
E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.
Capital and Surplus $500,000

7.15% Income

$487.50 plus accrued dividend will purchase 100 SHARES

CARBO-HYDROGEN CO. OF AMERICA

7% PREFERRED STOCK

In addition to which 25 shares common stock is given as a bonus. After deducting preferred stock dividends, fixed charges, etc., the Company's earnings are at the rate of about 6% on the common stock for 1918 with possibilities of considerably increased earnings for this year. Write for circular "O."

Farson, Son & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
115 Broadway, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberal Yield Positive Safety

6% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

ALL of the First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bond issues we offer are based upon new property that is income-producing. They are non-fluctuating and absolutely safe. The return is 6%. Write for booklet.

"Questions and Answers Upon Bond Investment"

Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.

90 L Griswold Street *Detroit* (138)

6% **PAID FOR 24 YEARS**

In good times and bad, in peace and in war, for 24 years we have paid 6% on Two-Year Time Certificates and 5% on Certificates **payable on demand.** Interest checks are mailed semi-annually. If you have as little as $25 to invest, you will be interested in our Booklet, "6% and Safety," giving full particulars about this old and tried institution. Write for it.

The Calvert Mortgage Company
864 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGES

represent the highest type of investments. They have stood the test of wars and business depression since 1858—60 years, and always worth 100%.
Interest paid promptly at maturity.

FARM MORTGAGE BONDS in $500 and $1,000 denominations

For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

A·G·Danforth·&·Co
BANKERS Founded A.D. 1858
WASHINGTON - ILLINOIS

The Selection of a Banker (Continued)

veloped at the expense of the advisory; but it is not sufficient for us that we want a good bond, or a safe bond, and one which we can sell again.

Is this question of security and marketability in its entirety one that we should expect our banker to determine? He plays an important part, to be sure, but we must do our share. It is for us to realize what kind of safety we most require. Are we buying with the expectation of a profit and to be able to sell again, or do we expect only that at maturity the principal will be paid, or are we seeking an investment that, if circumstances compel, we may sell at a small loss, if any?

These and other matters are for the investor himself to determine. What type of security should he choose—Government bonds, municipals, preferred stocks? A man who is paying the super-income tax selects a different type of investment from the man of small means. The successful man of middle age can properly take a business man's risk, which should be out of the question for the man with a small salary and a dependent family or for an aged widow who must live upon the income from her investments.

After a prospective investor has properly analyzed his own particular investment needs, then, and only then, should he seek the advice of his banker. All of this has a direct bearing upon the type of banker one should select. Perhaps one banking house deals in only one type of security—real estate mortgages, preferred stocks, or public utilities. Possibly we may find that the offerings made by a curb house, or a specialist in Standard Oils or independent oils, appeal to us. Which type of investment should we seek? Having selected the type, we may proceed to the banker, keeping in mind the fact that the market for securities will exist to-morrow as well as to-day. If the one selection we have in mind is so unusually attractive that to-morrow we may find not one more bond, not another share available, or that it has advanced in price beyond our reach, we shall have other opportunities probably equally meritorious in which to invest our funds. Many investors give little heed to this most vital question.

A New England manufacturer who was accustomed, with thrifty intent, to purchase for his children one share of New Haven stock from time to time gave this advice to his son when the latter started on his business career: "Remember, my son, two things—first, that the stock market will be open every business day at ten o'clock, and, secondly, that Erie Railroad common will never pay a dividend."

Upon an investment appearing urgent, we may unknowingly rush headlong into the clutches of some unscrupulous so-called "dealer" in securities in the same manner that, under great mental strain and in undue haste, we might select a doctor without investigating his capabilities, experience, or reputation, without inquiring if he be a surgeon or a neurologist, without asking him his probable fee, and command him to perform a foreign task, then appear chagrined at his execution and his charges for professional services. Does not so important a matter as the proper investment of our savings, the security of our principal, deserve more careful consideration?

The president of a local bank can obtain from unprejudiced sources the names and addresses of several reputable investment houses, if he does not already know of one or more, which handle as part of their regular business the type of bond we wish to purchase.

Then let us investigate for ourselves some of these houses. It is a well-known fact that the personality of the man at the head of any organization is reflected in the attitude of every employee under him. Does the banker make a market for the securities once sold? Will he assist us to find the best bond for our needs, or has he just one special offering for sale? Are his offerings well-known standard securities, widely distributed, and participated in by other well-known houses of equal merit? Has he a reputation for dealing in "slow-moving," "long-profit" issues or securities with a ready market? To use the vernacular, do issues "go wrong" on that house?

With a little investigation this is not difficult to determine, for, although some clients are willing to forgive and forget, "recollections of mishaps outlive the memory of splendid successes." With the leading banking houses to-day there is an implied responsibility on the part of the vender. The *caveat emptor* principal—you buy at your own risk—is seldom employed. This is the question that is vital for the investor: Have I selected the type of banking house that is best for me?

IMPERIAL SANITARY FLOOR

Put On Like Plaster—Wears Like Iron

It is a composition material, easily applied in plastic form over old or new wood, iron, concrete or other solid foundation—Laid 3-8 to 1-2 in. thick—Does not crack, peel or come loose from foundation.

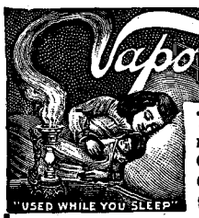
It presents a continuous, fine-grained, smooth, non-slippery surface, practically a seamless tile—No crack, crevice or joint for the accumulation of grease, dirt or moisture—Is noiseless and does not fatigue.

The Best Floor

for Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room, Laundry, Porch, Garage, Restaurant, Theater, Hotel, Factory, Office Building, Railroad Station, Hospital—all places where a beautiful, substantial and foot-easy floor is desired.

Your choice of several practical colors. Full information and sample FREE on request.

IMPERIAL FLOOR COMPANY
1023 Cutler Building, Rochester, New York
On the Market 10 years



Vapo Cresolene

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance to develop into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

This FREE Shoe Book

is crowded with photographs and descriptions of **Ez Wear** Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ez Wear shoes are **sent postpaid, guaranteed** to combine comfort, style and quality, **to fit perfectly or money back. Amazingly low prices.**

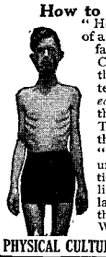
Send for your copy today

The J. A. Simon Shoe 1589 BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N.Y.

They don't call him "SKINNY" any more

Why is it that you stay thin? Do you know? How often have you wished that you could cover the bones that show so plainly all over your body—to feel the thrill of that vitalizing energy that comes from a fully developed body tingling with health. *You can have it!* It will make a new man of you—full of energy, ambition, and the joy of living. And the beauty of it all is that this precious gift *will cost you nothing!* You have it in the palm of your hands right now! Start NOW and in less than a month you will be well on the way to physical perfection.

How to Make a New Man of Yourself



"How to Gain Weight" is the title of a book written by Bernarr Macfadden, founder of "Physical Culture" magazine. It goes to the very core of the subject and tells you how to gain weight *easily* and *naturally*, without the aid of a drop of medicine. To those who will send us a three month subscription for "Physical Culture," the most unique, helpful and inspirational magazine of its kind published in America, at the regular price of 50c, we will send this valuable book *FREE*. Write TODAY.

PHYSICAL CULTURE PUB. CO., 119 W. 40th St., Suite 600, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Frictionless Office

Everything runs smoothly — no squeak, rattle, buzz or needless noise. 3-in-One Oil takes the squeak out of revolving chairs. Oils perfectly typewriters, billing machines, adding machines, dating stamps — office mechanisms. Makes them work easily, speedily, lightly and last longer. Does not collect dust, never thickens, gums or clogs the most delicate bearings. *Contains no acid.*

3-in-One Oil

keeps all metal surfaces clean and shiny. *Prevents rust absolutely.*

3-in-One brightens up the whole office too. Wring out a cloth in cold water and apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Go over desks and other polished wood surfaces, following the grain of the wood. Polish with a dry cloth. See how smudges, stains and surface scratches disappear, and that "new" look returns. Scores of uses every day for this wonderful oil in every office.

Sold by all good stores. East of the Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 25c and 50c in bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE *A generous sample and Dictionary* of uses. Be economical, use a postal.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 AEM. Broadway, N.Y.

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense and quick results. Send for latest catalog and many Beauty Hints—all **free.**

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE
Dept. 13, 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ills.
(A Branch of Susanna Cocroft's Work)

Factories Needed In Washington State

Washington, rapidly expanding in domestic and overseas trade, offers unlimited opportunities for varied manufacturing industries. Cheap hydro-electric power, mild winters, cool summers, abundant raw material, water and rail transportation. For special 240 page bulletin with list of suggested locations write

I. M. HOWELL
Secretary of State, Dept. L7, Olympia, Wash.

Important to Subscribers When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both old and new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND Cream

Soft, Smooth Skin

is essential to an attractive complexion. It takes HINDS CREAM to soften the skin without making it greasy, oily or sticky; to soften so it will not chap even tho exposed to chilling winds; to soften and freshen the hands roughened and soiled by arduous Red Cross and hospital work, household, store and office duties.

Nurses and surgeons know that naturally soft skin wards off skin troubles. Some have written us that HINDS CREAM quickly restores *their hands* to natural velvety smoothness after being roughened by immersion in strong antiseptic solutions. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream keeps cheeks and neck fresh, fair and exquisitely soft. Added charm awaits the woman who selects the daintily-packaged requisites made by Hinds for improving the skin and complexion.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial cake Soap 5c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 39c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

A. S. HINDS 257 West Street Portland, Maine

BY THE WAY

An American medical journal quotes the following passage from a French medical journal. As a little exercise in French for our readers, we print it untranslated:

> Les "Archives d'anthropologie" ont donné d'assez curieux détails sur le tic yankee, manie nationale d'Outre-Atlantique, qui consiste à mâchonner constantament des fragments d'une sorte de gomme élastique, la *chewinggum*, la gomme à mastiquer.

For the benefit of those who do not read French we may give a hint as to the meaning by saying that the American journal translates the French title, "L'Importance Economique d'un Tic," thus, "Tic Taw Goes the Jaw."

A correspondent of The Outlook sends us the following account of a brief discussion between Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bainbridge Colby, which he had from one of those two men: Students of the forms of democracy may find some enlightenment in a new definition of the difference between Great Britain and the United States by H. G. Wells. When in England a few months ago, Bainbridge Colby, of the United States Shipping Board, dined with Mr. Wells one evening. They fell into a long and somewhat involved discussion of democratic methods, and compared and contrasted British and American practices in some detail. When they had threshed the matter out thoroughly, Mr. Wells epitomized his ideas in this fashion: "Mr. Colby, there is one distinction you should keep in mind. You in America have a Constitution—a written Constitution. We in England have only a collection of nasty little habits."

We recently gave one illustration of the difference between the pessimist and the optimist. Here is another, taken from the Rochester "Post-Express:" "A pessimist is a man who believes that it will take centuries for the world to recover from the blow to civilization; and an optimist is a man who retorts that there will be plenty of centuries."

Sometimes one wonders whether some of the "Want" advertisements are jokes or freaks. Here is one from the Los Angeles "Times:"

> WANTED—Man under 21, whose conscience is permanently amputated. Give birth date, previous experience, schooling. Address X, box 383, Times Branch Office.

It would certainly be interesting to know what the "previous experience" of a man with an "amputated conscience" might be.

A few of the possibilities of turning weapons of war into implements of peace, as indicated by recent news items, have been thus summarized: A San Francisco despatch tells of an Army lieutenant killing a small whale with his airplane gun off Imperial Beach. A New Orleans despatch states that a submarine-chaser has successfully employed its under-water listening devices in detecting a whisky-laden launch that was evading excise laws. From the Southern mountains come reports of the employment of airplanes in sailing over remote valleys and slopes and spotting illicit stills by their smoke. Submarines are urged in Arctic exploration and commerce—running beneath the ice—more enthusiastically than ever. The docile tanks are going back from the front to regular employment in heavy traction.

A clipper ship of that famous type which brought fame to America and led to our carrying trade becoming (but, alas! for a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the Way (Continued)

time only) the greatest in the world, was burned at sea not long ago. She was the Aryan, and is said to be the last wooden ship of that type built in this country. She was only twenty-five years old—there was a revival of the building of clipper sailing-vessels about 1895. She traded in the Far East, and especially in the Indian Archipelago.

A soldier in France points out in an interesting letter that the caption of a recent picture in The Outlook described the two chief figures in the picture as "The Lord Mayor of Buckingham by the Side of Colonel Kilborn." It should have read "The Lord Mayor of Birmingham by the Side of Colonel Kilbourne."

First-Class Private Sharpe sends to "Judge" the story of a Negro corporal who wears the campaign ribbons for the Mexican border and Vera Cruz. When he was asked what they meant, he replied: "Well, sah, Ah don't jes' know fo' sho, but dey tells me dat dis un is fo' gittin' into Mexico an' dis un fo' gittin' out."

Some one has put on the market a wrench for loosening refractory tops of fruit jars. The claim is made that one can get a grip with it that will loosen the tightest cap. But the doubting housewife will ask, How can I get a grip on the jar itself, with the other hand, that will not slip? Shall I have to buy two wrenches, one for the cap and one for the bottom of the jar?"

When the old (and comparatively good) Kaiser Wilhelm died in 1888, it was said that the year was bound to be unlucky because it contained three eights. The reason for this notion is explained by Mr. Oliver Hamilton in a letter to the New York "Evening Post:" "*Ach* is woe in German, and 1888 in German is *acht*zehn hundert *acht* und *acht*zig. The first disaster was the death of the much-beloved old Emperor Wilhelm, the second the death of the equally beloved Emperor Friedrich; no seeming third disaster happened—but Emperor Wilhelm ascended the throne."

Rochester Cathedral in England has had during war time a lady bell-ringer, a lady organist, and a lady verger.

"France's success in the war," declares General Oscar L. Standish, of San Francisco, according to the "Argonaut," "was due more to her ability to make a quick comeback than to any other single reason. Indeed, France reminds me very much of a certain San Francisco chap who proposed to a local school-teacher. 'Do you suppose, Mr. Doolittle,' she retorted, scornfully, 'that I would marry a man so ignorant and superstitious that he carries a horseshoe in his pocket for luck?' Doolittle paled, then, recovering himself, he quietly and reverently took the horseshoe from his pocket, laid it on his knees, patted it gently, and said: 'Well, old fellow, I guess nobody'll ever question your efficiency after this.'"

"Verify everything," is a primary rule of journalism. If the writer of a paragraph in this department in the issue of January 29 had followed the rule, he would not now be in receipt of a perfect flock of letters informing him that several of the American authors said to have centenaries in 1919 were not born in 1819. The names were taken from an elaborate article on coming centenaries in a New York newspaper.

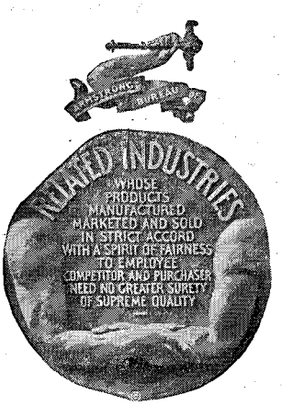
Coöperation that Works

More and more groups of manufacturers recognize the need for a group attack on problems common within their various industries.

This recognition has been especially strong since war made the benefits of coöperation more obvious.

For just this purpose—to solve problems common within an industry, and to make coöperation real—we supply a group-machinery service of great value.

For years client groups have found our work a considerable aid in eliminating the dangers of blind competition.


RELATED INDUSTRIES
WHOSE PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED MARKETED AND SOLD IN STRICT ACCORD WITH A SPIRIT OF FAIRNESS TO EMPLOYEE COMPETITOR AND PURCHASER NEED NO GREATER SURETY OF SUPREME QUALITY

The first and only institution of its kind—our sole business is to devise and direct adequate machinery for co-operation.

Armstrong Bureau of Related Industries
Chicago

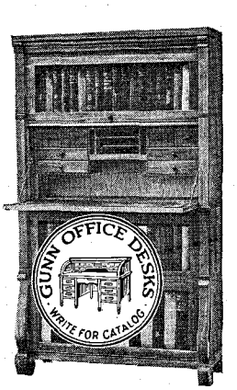
GUNN Sectional Bookcases

will fit in nicely between or under windows, in or around corners, and give you your full money's worth. They are guaranteed to be of the highest class of workmanship and material. No unsightly iron bands to mar the artistic effect. Made in Colonial, Mission, Queen Anne, Clawfoot and Standard styles in oak and mahogany.

Fit Any Floor Space

The most practical, convenient and economical method of caring for books, and one that can be harmonized with various surroundings, is described in detail in our handsome Style Book, mailed on request. If you have floor space to utilize at a modest cost, send for it.

THE GUNN FURNITURE CO. 1814 Broadway, Grand Rapids, Mich.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tours and Travel

GO to EUROPE or CALIFORNIA at MY EXPENSE or elsewhere by forming a small party as soon as conditions will allow. BABCOCK'S EUROPEAN and AMERICAN TOURS, 1137 Dean St., Brooklyn. Est. 1900.

Southern Resorts, California
Winter, spring. Finest hotels, motor cars. National Parks, Alaska, summer. Europe before long. Talk it over now.
TEMPLE TOURS
6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Hotels and Resorts

CONNECTICUT

Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD Litchfield Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. $16 a week and up. Booklet.
MRS. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
O'Connell-Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than
THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

FLORIDA

HAVEN BEACH COTTAGES
Restricted residential resort near famous Belleair Golf Links between St. Petersburg and Clearwater on the Gulf of Mexico. Cottages furnished and with all conveniences of a suburban home—$300 to $750 until May 1. Surf Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Sea Foods. "The Lodge" at the service of cottagers—oysters, clams, scallops, shrimp, lobsters and fish of all kinds from adjacent waters. A "Seaside" Winter Home built upon liberal terms, maintained and rented when not occupied by owner and an Indemnity Bond furnished the investor against financial loss. "Investments made Safe for Investors." Offices: Citizens Bank Bldg., Tampa. Poinsettia Hotel Block, St. Petersburg. Address for illustrated folder and information desired, Florida Beach Development Co., "Haven Beach," Indian Rocks, Fla. Box 0.

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.
Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK

For Conventions
permitting exclusive use of a large estate of 300 acres, equipped private lake, accommodations for 200. Dining-room and house service furnished. Rates reasonable. Open time, first three weeks in June, last three weeks in September. Address Box C, Highland, N. Y.

VIRGINIA

Easy to reach! The Hotel Chamberlin at Old Point Comfort. One of the finest resort hotels in the Western Hemisphere, with all the social life you'd expect at this greatest center of military, naval, and aerial activity. With Hampton Roads in front—the New Naval Training Base adjoining—and Langley Field (the show place for aviation in America) a few miles away. Motoring, Sea Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Every Bath and Treatment of European Spas duplicated here.
Write for Illustrated Booklets. Address
George F. Adams, Fortress Monroe, Va.

WYOMING

WYOMING—Trapper Lodge
The place for young men to recuperate in sunny, outdoor life. Winter rate, $100 monthly; exclusive saddle horse and pack, inclusive. For reservations address WYMAN & SONS, Shell, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"
Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

Mrs. Ford's Home for TUBERCULOUS Patients Rates $15 to $30 a week. Booklet. Wilkinson House, Liberty, N. Y.

New Jersey.—A comfortable home with all improvements in the pines and near the ocean for convalescents or persons needing rest and quiet. Address 9,345, Outlook.

Health Resorts

Mountainbrook Farm An Occupation and Recreation Cure for Nervous and Nutritional disorders. In the hills of Putnam County. 500 acre farm. Ideal home. Free from institutional atmosphere. Booklet on request. Dr. HENRY W. MILLER, Mountainbrook, Brewster, N. Y.

Real Estate

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

NEW JERSEY

FOR SALE An attractive New Home at the seashore, suitable for a large family or desirable for summer guests. All modern improvements. Address 9,347, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTELLIGENT woman with capital desires combination with one owning old-fashioned place on State road 100 miles New York, running it for tea house. 6,587, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Private secretary to rector of large parish in New York City. Must be expert stenographer, pleasant personality, discerning in handling people. Give particulars in letter. 6,579, Outlook.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTOR—A large department store, with well established personnel department, requires a woman conversant with best educational methods to take charge of its educational work. Address Instructor, 3,164, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Young woman as mother's assistant. Two children. 6,526, Outlook.

FOR hospitals, institutions, schools, dietitians, matrons, housekeepers, cafeteria managers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence, R. I.

WANTED—Experienced children's nurse, preferably English or Scotch, to take charge of three children (oldest three years), with one assistant nurse. Good wages. Home in Berlin, N. H. Reply to Mrs. W. R. Brown, Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass.

HOUSEKEEPER or mother's helper in refined home at Yonkers. 6,582, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper or nursery governess.—Refined woman care for two children aged 14 months and 3½ years. Do upstairs work and mending. Give references. Answer Mrs. R. Romeyn, 46 Geranium St., Flushing, N. Y.

WANTED—Experienced nurse for child five years old. French preferred. 6,589, Outlook.

WANTED—Capable woman to take charge of dining-room in summer hotel. 6,593, Outlook.

WANTED—Lady between thirty and forty years old to care for three children. Winter in New York suburb, summer in Nantucket. Treated as member of family. Liberal salary. 6,594, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

INQUIRIES already coming in for teachers in all subjects for 1919. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Thoroughly trustworthy and high-minded young woman to care for and instruct a slightly backward little boy. 6,577, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED nursery governess or mother's helper for three children, youngest 4. Thorough knowledge of French. Country, near Bridgeport. References. 6,583, Outlook.

WANTED—Experienced French governess. Two boys of three and six. Physical care and teaching. Give age, experience, salary, and references in first letter. 6,598, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

RESEARCH work, 50 cents per hour. Highest Washington references. Miss Cordelia Jackson, 3021 N St., Washington, D. C.

YOUNG man desires position as amanuensis or secretary. Experienced. Willing to travel. Highest references. 6,584, Outlook.

RELIABLE man desires position as chauffeur with private family. Can do repairing. W. H. H., 166 Adams St., Hartford, Conn.

CULTIVATED young woman, artistic tastes, foreign traveled, partial university course, knowledge French and Italian, secretarial school diploma, wishes position as secretary to writer, artist, or as traveling secretary-companion. 6,590, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WIDOW of culture and refinement, with daughter of 4, desires position as managing housekeeper for business people, or would care for children in absence of parents. Willing to do such work as she would do in her own home. 6,578, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, pleasing personality, musician, lived two years in South America, desires position as companion or act as chaperon to young lady who wishes to see South America. 6,586, Outlook.

REFINED American woman desires position as companion to elderly lady or attendant to invalid child. 6,588, Outlook.

YOUNG WOMAN with hospital experience wishes position to nurse invalid. State particulars. References. 6,585, Outlook.

POSITION as children's caretaker or housekeeper. Eighteen years' experience. References exchanged. 6,595, Outlook.

LADY thoroughly competent to take full charge of refined household desires position as companion-housekeeper; economical, tasteful provider, adaptable, cheerful; unencumbered; understanding smaller details which go to make a real home. Graduate in home nursing. 6,597, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position. 6,560, Outlook.

WELLESLEY graduate, experienced in school management and teaching, wishes position of responsibility in girls' school. 6,596, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guthman, New York Shopper, will send anything on approval. Services free. References. 909 West 99th St.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

LITERARY material prepared for speakers, debaters, writers. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

WANTED—Defective or elderly people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

ARNOLD ADAIR STORIES

By Laurence La Tourette Driggs

This issue of The Outlook contains the last story in the series of Adventures of Arnold Adair. Many readers will remember with pleasure previous stories about Arnold by the same author that were published in The Outlook some months ago. These stories, with many additional adventures of Arnold, have been published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the well-known Boston publishers. It is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing many illustrations from original drawings and photographs. The retail price of the book is $1.35 net. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of $4.35 for the book and the subscription. Only a limited number of volumes are available for this offer, which will be withdrawn when our present supply is exhausted.

Fill out the accompanying order form and return to us at once with remittance of $4.35; we will extend your subscription for one year, whatever the present date of expiration may now be, and "The Adventures of Arnold Adair" will be sent to you or to any other address that you may name, carefully protected from damage in transit, all charges prepaid. This offer also applies to a new subscription, but does not apply in the case of subscriptions sent through agents.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose Four Dollars and Thirty-five Cents, for which please send me "The Adventures of Arnold Adair," all charges prepaid, and enter my subscription to The Outlook for one year (or renew for one year from present date of expiration), in accordance with the terms of your special offer.

Name.....

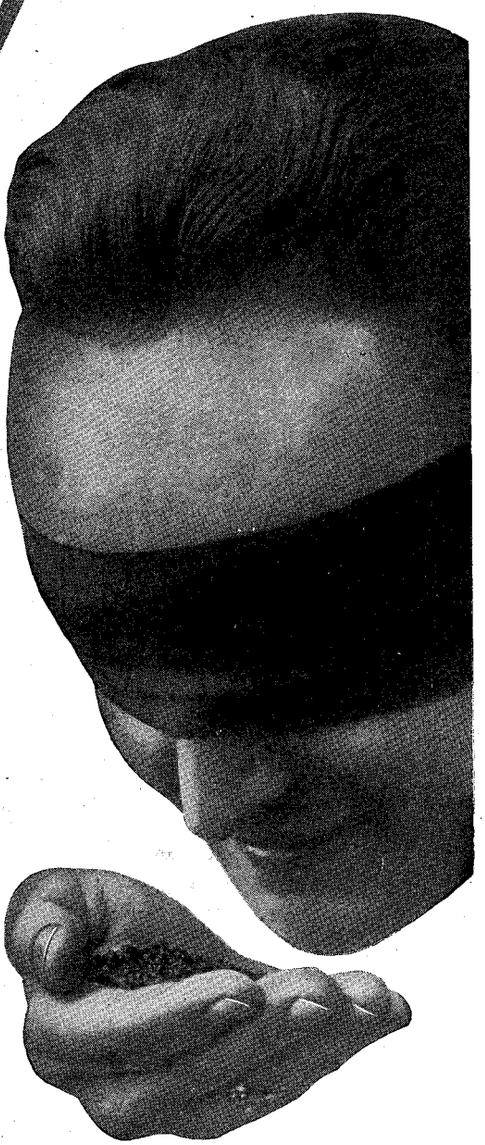
Address.....

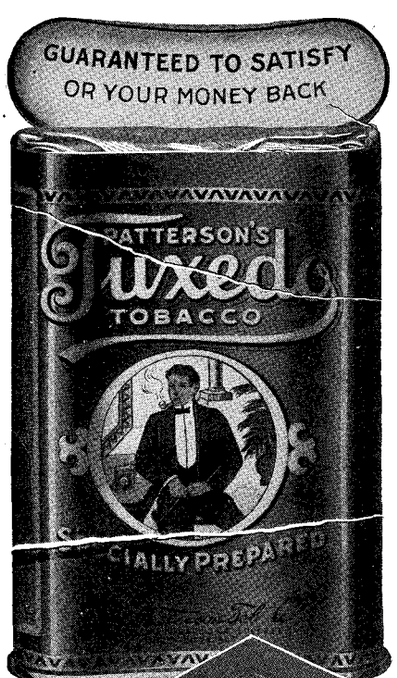
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All Smoking Tobaccos are Flavored

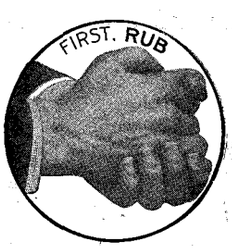
"Your Nose Knows"

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, " . . . on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed . . . the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Your smoke-enjoyment depends as much upon the Quality and kind of flavoring used as upon the Quality and aging of the tobacco. Tuxedo tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings — *chocolate!* That flavoring, added to the finest of carefully aged and blended burley tobacco, produces Tuxedo— the perfect tobacco — "Your Nose Knows."





Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep— its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—***"Your Nose Knows."***



Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED